Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

Capt. LIDDELL HART on the Crisis in our Territorial Army–page 5

TOMMY HANDLEY'S FUTURE: By REGINALD POUND–centre pages

tickle fickle appetites with home-made pickles and chutneys

Use aluminium or unchipped enamel pans. Use any type of jar, but wash in hot water. Metal tops should be protected from vinegar by a layer of melted wax or fat or several thicknesses of grease-proof paper under the lid. Paper tops should have a rag dipped in melted wax or fat tied over them to prevent evaporation. A thin piece of plastic material makes an excellent cover.

SPICED VINEGAR

Most pickles are made with cold spiced vinegar, and as it improves with keeping, you can make it in advance. Vary the spices to suit your taste; these proportions are suggested as suitable for most palates. To each quart vinegar allow 1 oz. (3 level tablespoons) mixed pickling spices, or: ¼ oz. each cinnamon bark, cloves, whole all-spice and mace, and a few peppercorns or pinch of cayenne pepper. Bring the spices and vinegar to boiling point in a covered saucepan and allow to stand for 2 hours without further heating. Strain and use as required.

PICKLED CUCUMBER

Cut cucumbers in quarters, halves or cubes. Soak 12-24 hours in a brine made by dissolving 4 level tablespoons cooking salt in 1 pint water. Allow 1 pint of brine to every 1 lb. cucumbers. Drain from the brine, rinse in cold water, and drain thoroughly. Put the cucumber into jars leaving room for at least ½ inch of vinegar on top. Cover with cold spiced vinegar and seal.

PIQUANT PLUM SAUCE

4 lb. plums, ½ lb. onions, 1 lb. sugar, 2 pints vinegar, 2 oz. salt, 1 oz. mustard (dry), ½ oz. ground ginger, ½ oz. all-spice, ¼ oz. ground nutmeg, ¼ oz. tumeric powder.

Dark plums are best to use. Cut up plums and onions and cook in half the vinegar for half an hour. Rub through a sieve and add the remainder of the ingredients. Simmer for one hour, stirring occasionally. Bottle while hot.

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2203

Sunday and the Law

THE PAST MONTH has seen the curtailing of a number of highly respectable Sunday concerts—all because of a new outbreak of activity by common informers.

It is time this anachronism was finally ended.

If Sunday entertainment is to be banned or restricted, let this be done openly and cleanly by an Act of Parliament which will sweep away all the ancient statutes which today merely breed hypocrisy.

It is natural that our present illogical laws should be used by well-meaning but misguided people like the members of the Lord's Day Observance Society to inflict their own narrow conception of Sunday morals on the whole population.

But it's all quite undemocratic. There is no reason why even the most fervid and sincere religious belief should give its possessor power to dictate to others.

The fact must be faced that the law in relation to Sunday entertainment is obsolete and has broken down because traditional British common sense and tolerance is not being shown.

There should be time in the next long session of Parliament to clear up the muddle and spike the common informer's guns once and for all.

Pay the Police More

THE PUBLIC WONDERS why it has taken five months to decide that the police need better pay and conditions.

When the Oaksey Committee was set up last May, it was known that there weren't enough policemen, because the job was not made attractive enough.

Not only is it badly paid in all ranks, considering the responsibilities, training and high qualities demanded, but chances of promotion are few and poor.

So we don't get the policemen we need and the crime wave mounts.

The public—which suffers through burglary, assault and murder—wants to see the police force well paid, contented and efficient as it goes about its protective task. Is there likely to be a public outcry if a substantial rise goes into the bobby's pay packet?

The great need is that rapid action should follow the recommendations of the Oaksey Committee. More police recruits are needed at once.

Winter's Great Need

LAST WINTER WAS MILD, so we got through it without too many power cuts. What if the coming winter is a hard one?

Is enough being done to ensure full priority for new power stations?

An extremely serious statement was made recently by a high official of the South Western Electricity Board. He said that less electrical generating plant is now working in Britain than last year. The construction programme was in arrears because of shortage of steel.

Meanwhile, of course, the domestic demand for electricity goes on up. Every new house we so gladly see raising its pink walls from the ground means another load on the power supply.

Nothing is more desperately urgent than to build new power stations needed to cope with the country's modern demands. There must never be another disaster like that of the 1946-47 winter, when the export drive was paralysed by industrial stoppages caused by lack of electricity, and widespread misery entered our homes.

Yet, unless something is done to speed the new generators, any hard winter may mean that compulsory cuts in power for industry are insufficient to see us through without great loss and hardship.

Now that the fuel and power industries belong to the people, the Government has incurred full responsibility to the public for their efficiency. We therefore look for results—and a minimum of load-shedding.

That Christmas Racket

NOW IS THE TIME, while the crackers the children will pull at Christmas are still being made, to prevent a nasty racket which has caused much disappointment in recent years.

It is a tragedy that the toy trades, which include many reputable firms of the highest commercial honesty, attract also a great number of spivs and rogues.

Their idea is that easy money can be extracted from parents who will pay extortionate prices for things to please their children. The result, ever since the war started a shortage of playthings, has been a series of mean and petty frauds on the public.

No doubt many more such frauds are now being hatched ready for the coming Christmas, and no doubt they will succeed here and there unless something is done promptly.

The typical Christmas racket is the expensive cracker, ostensibly containing toys and novelties, which turns out to be empty or to contain worthless bits of tin or cardboard.

The Board of Trade could stop that mean swindle now if it insisted that every box carried an exact description of contents; and if it set out to prosecute shopkeepers who sell any below standard.

Work for War Factories

WHAT ARE WE TO DO with our remaining twenty-two ordnance factories? Sell them, close them, or continue to keep them "alive" by taking in some civilian work?

As a commercial proposition they cost a lot of money. If sold, they would fetch only a fraction of their cost. Developed as full, instead of partial, commercial propositions they probably wouldn't lose as much. On these financial considerations a lot of people would shut most of them down.

All right, but just a moment. We are far from clear of war threats. In the last war our arms production suffered because of slowness in building ordnance factories.

We can't afford to take that risk again. If the ordnance factories are closed or sold, and their specialist key workers and plant dispersed, it might take years to get new ones started. So, whatever the cost, a strong nucleus *must* be kept going.

But this need is no excuse for not making the factories efficient and profitable. They could pay better—if the Government would stop being squeamish about competing in the open market for civilian work. At present most of this is doled out to the ordnance factories as sub-contractors.

JOHN BULL says this should be changed. There is a shortage of engineering plant and skilled workers, so serious that no fair-minded business man could object to the ordnance factories going into the open market.

The more work they obtain, the less will be the burden of their overhead costs. Thus, they could assist in the production and export drives.

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Too true, Dad—especially during the Peak Periods when the factories must come first. Street lighting is used mainly during Off-Peak periods
People should understand that they can have the electricity they need—and few cuts—if only they will keep off the Peaks

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Where are we to get the extra energy from?

Here we are, working on exports or coping with queues, and at the end of the day we're whacked. Some of us even *wake* tired! Oh, for some more energy!

What controls our stock of energy? Food and sleep. Food is rationed, sleep isn't. Could we do with a longer sleeping week?

Strangely enough, *long* sleep is not nearly so important as *deep* sleep.

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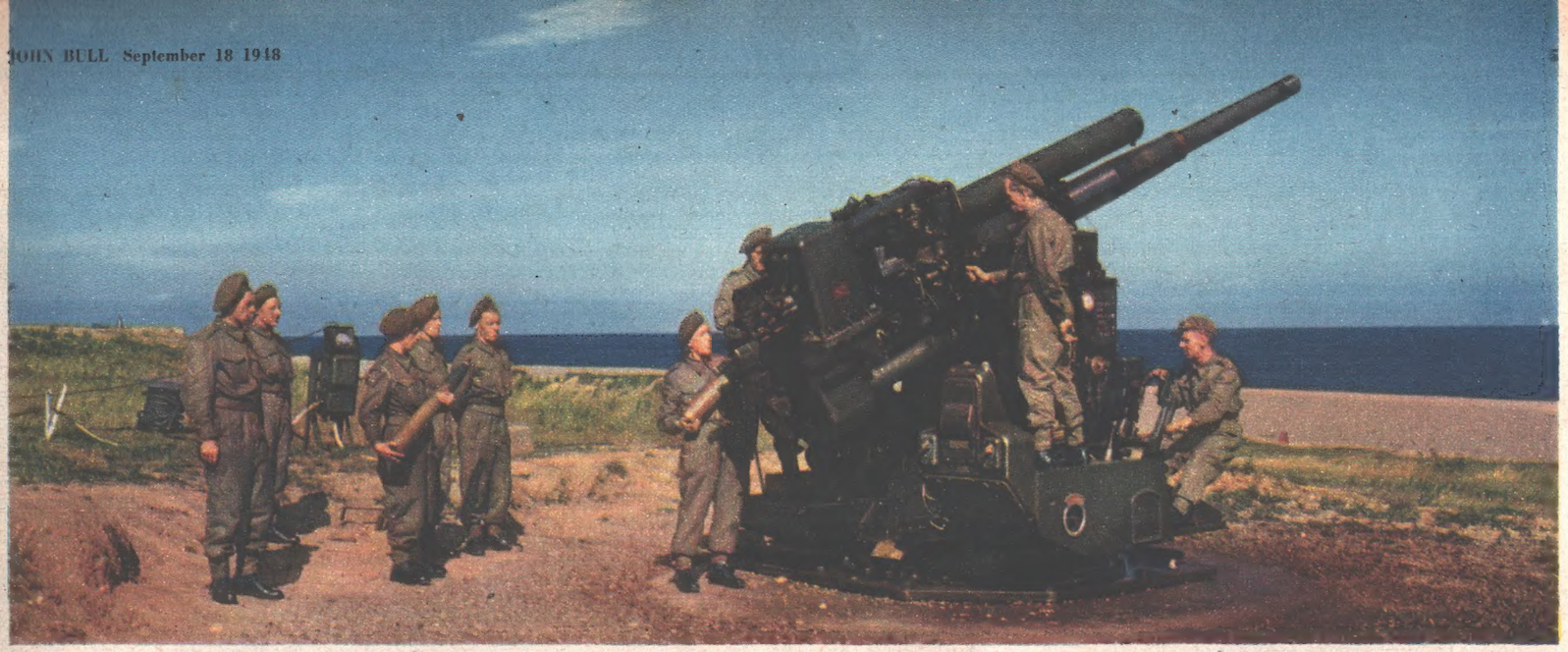


Heavy ack-ack drill by Territorials at a coastal camp. Could skeleton units perform T.A.'s first rôle—beating off sudden air attack ?

T.A. CRISIS IS THE NATION'S, TOO

Without a strong Territorial Army, Britain would be caught on one leg in an emergency. Yet recruitment to the T.A. is slow, and its total strength a fraction of the 1939 force. There's more to this problem than just improving conditions of T.A. service, declares Britain's foremost military expert

by Capt. B. H. LIDDELL HART

THE TERRITORIAL ARMY was reformed on January 1, 1947. The commanding officers and permanent staffs were appointed in the next three months, to organize the units ready for the inflow of recruits.

On May 1 the recruiting campaign began. The aim was to recruit about 150,000 volunteers as a framework of a national army that would be filled in by the conscripts as they completed their period of full-time service under the National Service scheme.

That number was considered the minimum proportion of volunteers that the Territorial Army would require by the time it reached its full size.

But as the months passed a note of disappointment crept into official references to Territorial recruiting. This year it has become more pronounced—a combination of perplexity and anxiety.

More gloomy still are the actual figures. In the first month of recruiting only 14,000 came forward to join. But that was a rush compared with what has followed. By the autumn the rate of inflow was only 2,300 a month. In the early part of 1948 it was less than 2,000 a month.

At the end of its first year, the new Territorial Army was barely 40,000 *strong—only one-tenth the size it was at the outbreak of war in* 1939. Since then, recruiting has dwindled away still more. In the last five months it has averaged little over 200 a month. The total obtained so far is less than a third of the number required for the volunteer part of the force.

The note of disappointment on high has now become a note of alarm.

The gravity of the position was recently stressed by Lord Montgomery: "The people of England ought to understand that they have only one national army now and it is based on the Territorial Army. There is nothing else, and if the Territorial Army is not built up into a good army, with a volunteer element to handle the National Service element, then we are sunk."

To bring home a realization of what this means it is worth recalling the purpose of the Territorial Army as defined by the then War Minister when announcing that it was to be reconstituted:

"It will have a triple rôle. Should there be another war, the most immediate threat at the beginning will be from the air. Provision of A.A. of some kind will be essential. Our Regular Army is too small to undertake this task, and this vital commitment will, therefore, fall largely on the Territorial Army.

"In the second place, the Territorial Army will provide units needed by the Regular Army to convert this force into a properly balanced force ready for battle.

"Thirdly, the Territorial Army will provide a second line to the Regular Army, as a basis on which our armies will expand in war."

Fifty Men to a Regiment

For the first purpose, we have been told that sixty-two anti-aircraft regiments are needed and that the total establishment of this side of the Territorial Army is about 192,000. Yet after a year's recruiting its actual strength was only 13,000—less than seven per cent of the requirement! It is not uncommon to find regiments with only forty or fifty men.

There can be no effective air defence with such skeletons.

When war came in 1939 the actual number of men in the Territorial A.A. units was 106,690, and these had been deployed in position well in advance of the outbreak. Even so, everyone can realize how lucky we were that no immediate attack came and that we were allowed nearly twelve months more for training and developing our A.A. forces before the "blitz" was launched against our shores and cities. By the spring of 1941 they had been increased to over 309,000.

No such breathing space can ever be expected again—as the Prime Minister has emphasized.

Moreover, the War Minister has dispelled the idea that the Regulars could provide an adequate defence, and declared that "adequate forces can only be formed on a part-time or territorial basis."

He also declared that "if they are to be ready to defend the country at short notice, their peacetime organization and training must be put on a more efficient footing than was considered acceptable before the last war."

That is obviously true. Yet the facts of the present situation make mock of all such declarations.

Our scheme of Territorial A.A. defence is a paper screen and cannot be anything like as effective as the prewar one unless and until the actual strength grows vastly bigger than it stands today.

The second rôle of the Territorial Army is of a secondary character and of smaller dimensions. Even so, the technical units required to fill out the framework of the Regular Army in emergency must be fairly close to their establishment if they are to fulfil that function.

At present they are far below—for example, some units with an establishment of about two hundred men have recruited less than a dozen.

The third rôle of the Territorial Army is its main one. The Territorial field force as reorganized under Hore-Belisha's modernization programme in 1938 comprised one armoured, three motorized, and nine infantry divisions—a total of thirteen. In the spring of 1939 its size was doubled. The postwar scheme aims to produce a force of two armoured, one airborne, and six infantry divisions—a total of nine.

Since local patriotism plays such a large part in the Territorial movement, it is worth noting how the postwar reorganization affects the old divisions, in which their districts took so much pride. The 42nd (Lancs), 43rd (Wessex), 44th (Home Counties), 50th (Northumbrian), and 53rd (Welsh) remain as infantry divisions, and the sixth of these is provided by the amalgamation of the 51st (Highland) and 52nd (Lowland) divisions as the 51st/52nd Scottish. The 49th (West Riding) and 56th (London) become armoured divisions.

Stalin Will Take Note

The newly created airborne division is numbered the 16th and has no territorial title, as it is recruited on a nation-wide basis—though its units are localized and take over the traditions of certain former units.

The 48th (South Midlands), 54th (East Anglian), and 55th (West Lancs and Staffs) disappear.

The reduction in the number of divisions is due partly to the increased number of A.A. units and partly to the provision of a larger "tail" for the field force—comprising numerous supplementary and auxiliary units that did not formerly exist. While these increase the efficiency of the field force in various respects, foreign Powers are more likely to take note of the shrinking number of divisions.

That applies particularly to Stalin, who has always tended in discussion to estimate the military strength of any country in terms of divisions. When one of the Allied representatives in the war spoke of the Pope's influence, Stalin is quoted as having interjected: "The Pope? How many divisions has he?"

But the most obvious weakness today is that the nine divisions do not exist except in name. They are merely a skeleton with a few scraps of flesh.

Fighting units which should have eight

If you really put your mind to it

Mental "radio" over long distances; selecting the right cards through the mind's eye. . . . Do we know the power of the human mind and can we harness that power? A scientist's strange research work raises these vital questions

by HARRY HOPKINS

IN A LABORATORY at Duke University, North Carolina, some twenty doctors of psychology sit patiently rolling dice and shuffling cards. They have been rolling the dice for fourteen years, shuffling the cards for eighteen.

It is one of the strangest investigations ever undertaken in the name of science. The subject is, in effect, the existence, or non-existence, of the human soul.

When, during the past half-century or so, priests or philosophers have ventured to observe that there might just possibly be more to Man than ninepennyworth of chemicals, science has retorted coldly: Prove it.

In 1930, a thirty-five year old lecturer at Duke University took up the challenge. His name was Dr. J. B. Rhine.

Rhine determined to take the phenomena of telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, and subject them to the utmost rigour of the scientific method. He devised a series of simple, standard, carefully controlled experiments.

For the clairvoyance and telepathy tests he designed a pack of twenty-five cards, five with a star, five with a cross, five with a rectangle, five with a circle, five with wavy lines.

The subjects were guarded against receiving the faintest "sensory" clues to the cards they were required to guess. Opaque screens were placed between subject and experimenter, cards were sealed in successive envelopes, or experimenters and subjects were shut in separate rooms.

Not a Mere Fluke

"The first time we encountered a succession of nine hits in a row in the early clairvoyance tests," says Rhine,* "we knew we were not dealing with pure chance. A few days later the same subject scored fifteen successive hits and eventually another subject obtained twenty-five, a perfect score."

But, if not yet respectable, telepathy was old stuff. The most striking of Rhine's experiments was startlingly new. He called it P-K, psycho-kinesis. His subjects called it "Mind over Matter."

Doctors had long recognized that man's mind had remarkable powers over his body. Rhine cites the case of a woman in a Berlin hospital who, under the eye of her doctor, could produce a blister on any part of her body within five minutes. Then there was a Parisian woman who could reproduce in clear red outline on her skin any figure or letter of which an experimenter was thinking.

It seemed clear that mind over matter was no mere metaphysical abstraction. But how could it be proved—scientifically.

At this point, in 1934, a local gambler gave the men at Duke their key. Many people, he pointed out, believed that they could influence the fall of the dice by "willing" it. Here, Rhine saw, was just what he had been looking for.

For his tests, dice-cups were fitted with specially roughened interiors. Special dice-tables were constructed. Lest tricks in shaking should affect the fall of the dice, dice-chutes with mechanical releases were devised, then electrically rotated dice-shaking cages. Dice were made by an engineering company perfected to within 3/1000ths of an inch.

The subjects sat alongside the dice-table, willing the selected target score to come up. On the other side of the table sat the experimenters, recording the results. The dice were thrown in "standard runs" of twenty-four throws of one die, twelve throws of two, eight of three and so on, up to one throw of twenty-four.

Dr. Rhine watches as girl attempts mind control of falling dice

Through the years the dice rolled on. They rolled millions of times. The score sheets accumulated in stacks.

But whatever the precautions, whatever the variations, Rhine claims the same broad result—an average score significantly above the five "hits" per run that would have been expected from chance. The gamblers who thought they could influence the dice with their minds had been right all the time.

Sceptic Tried for Himself

And one did not have to be a believer to get these results. Indeed, the record performance with the Extra Sensory Perception cards was organized by Professor B. F. Reiss, of Hunter College, New York, after he had made some critical remarks about Rhine's ideas in his classroom. His students challenged him to test the matter for himself.

Reiss took as his subject a girl who had a local reputation for being "psychic." The professor sat in one building, the girl in another. There was a hill between. They worked through the E.S.P. cards at the rate of one a minute with the aid of synchronized stop-watches.

When the two record sheets were checked, Reiss found that the girl had scored an average of eighteen hits per twenty-five cards through seventy-four runs of the pack. Professor Reiss ceased to be a sceptic.

If the human spirit could transcend Space, could it also transcend Time?

A new series of card experiments was arranged. The subject would make his prediction. Then, two days—and ten days—later, the cards were cut and the results compared. To eliminate telepathy between subject and experimenter affecting the card-cutting, the cards were cut in accordance with a formula based on the temperature recorded on the day in question.

Once again results were above chance. And the ten-day results were a little better than the two-day.

Space did not matter. Time did not matter. Was the existence of the non-physical in Man now proved? Or could science explain away these results, as it had explained away all the mysteries, in the old physical terms? Could there, for instance, be physical brainwaves, as there were physical soundwaves and radiowaves, detecting objects, pulling dice?

If there were, reasoned Rhine, they should follow normal physical laws. They should, for instance, be affected by barriers in their paths, vary in some regular way with distance from their source.

Distance tests began. With the dice it was found that what mattered was not distance but mental attitude. If assured that he would score better at twenty-five feet than standing close-up a subject did in fact do better.

In a card experiment a score of ten hits per run was put up when experimenter and subject were separated by 250 miles and several mountain ranges, as against only eight hits per run when they were both in the same room.

Rhine quotes other results. Novelist Upton Sinclair successfully "transmitted" to his wife thirty miles away. The longest-ever clairvoyance test was between Dr. Karlo Marchesi, in Zagreb, Jugoslavia, and Rhine's men at Duke, four thousand miles away.

While the phenomena of Extra Sensory Perception appeared related to no known physical laws, they did conform closely to what we know of the characteristic behaviour of the human mind.

Caffein put the score up; the narcotic drug, sodium amytal, depressed it. The scores fell sharply when the subjects were deliberately distracted. They rose significantly when rewards, even cinema tickets, were offered as prizes.

Nine-year-old's Success

One day a woman experimenter, half in fun, offered Lillian, a nine-year-old child, a reward of fifty cents for a score of twenty-five. Lillian declared her determination to win the reward.

When her turn came she said, "Don't say anything. I'm going to try something." She turned her back on the experimenter and stood for a few minutes with her eyes closed. When she turned again and went through the card test, her lips were moving.

When asked later what she was saying, she said, "I was wishing all the time I could get twenty-five." She did.

By 1947, at the age of fifty-two, Rhine felt at last that he had come to the end of the first big stage of his quest. Every conceivable counter-explanation of his findings had been tried and found wanting. "There is," he wrote, "simply no alternative to acceptance" of extra-sensory perception and psycho-kinesis.

But, Rhine told his colleagues, the work was just beginning. On the laboratory bench the non-physical nature of man was tantalizingly elusive, here today and gone tomorrow. The next step was to discover what types of people possessed these powers most strongly developed, and to learn to control them at will.

Can We Ever Catch Up?

Rhine is enthusiastic about his work. But that the reach of mind may be eternally doomed to exceed its grasp, even a grasp reinforced by the scientific method, the doctor scarcely pauses in his enthusiasm to consider.

For perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this whole extraordinary business is that, despite his efforts to pierce the veil that cuts man off from a complete knowledge of himself, it is very doubtful whether Dr. Rhine has advanced us any further than Descartes when, three centuries, ago he observed: *Cogito, Ergo Sum* (I think, therefore I am).

Descartes knew that there was quite a mystery there, and one doubts whether, despite Dr. Rhine's fourteen years of determined dice-rolling, we are really nearer solving it.

It is, in fact, strictly for the benefit of the scientific sceptic that Dr. Rhine has demonstrated a proposition for which lesser men like William Shakespeare asked no proof: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

* *In "The Reach of the Mind," by J. B. Rhine* (*Faber and Faber*, 10s. 6d.).

NOT THE TAPE MEASURE *Again!*

Father had his own ideas about bringing up the girls—until Aunt Millie arrived. Her ideas were different. Quite different

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY BAILEY

"It's a bit tight—in places," Father said dubiously. "Mind your interference," said Aunt Millie

WHEN AUNT MILLIE descends on the family like a fire-engine at a fire it's generally because a crisis has developed overnight. This time it had been working up for some time, and it was Evie.

Father has his own ideas about bringing up us girls, poor dear, and it is quite true things weren't working out too well with my young sister. Evie wasn't showing any signs whatsoever of settling down in life. And that worried Father.

"You and your ideas about Evie as a private secretary!" Aunt Millie was snorting when I got home from my labours that evening. "It isn't as if she could spell, to start with. And what would she use for shorthand?"

"She could learn," Father pointed out logically. He's a big man and very conscientious, but you have to allow he looks something like a Saint Bernard dog at times. This was one of them.

Aunt Millie was holding a tape measure while Evie struggled to drag her old grey sweater over her head. "A garment like that," Aunt Millie pointed out, "a horse should be wearing. Where you've gone wrong is the absence of any feminine instinct. I've never seen either of the girls look like anything except a hiker who's just spent the night sleeping out in a wet hayrick. Carol here——"

"Carol," Father shouted, "has a good post as a teacher with the L.C.C."

"You can look like a cab horse and still teach," Aunt Millie commented. "Or maybe it was ju-jitsu that got Carol the job."

I knew what she meant. In private life—in so far as she has any—Aunt Millie runs a little shop at Godalming. *Maison Wendy—Chapeaux*. It gives her professional status. Long ago, on some previous invasion, she worked up a romantic idea of expectations in connection with me and a youth named Davie Lockett, later claiming that nothing came of it because I threw him with an arm lock and loosened his teeth on the piano.

"Evie," Aunt Millie now pursued, "is quite an attractive girl."

Aunt Millie sat back on her heels to survey the hang of the material. To me it seemed to cling rather than hang.

"Isn't it a bit tight—in places?" Father demanded dubiously.

"Mind your own interference and I'll mind mine! Did it ever occur to you that the first thing is to get her looking human if she has to land a job? Carol here is twenty," Aunt Millie shifted her attack, "and has she married? I suppose you have been talking to her about Mr. Right!"

Father coloured and scowled at the bowl of his pipe.

It is quite true Evie's good looking, and she really has a marvellous figure, but it's the way she can outsmart the boys that puts them off. For one thing she could always hit anything with a catapult, and no boy likes to have his catapult jerked out of his pocket and have Evie put a stone through a lamp-post glass, then hand it back and run.

BUT I had the shock of my life next evening when I saw Evie in the new dress. For a minute I honestly didn't know who it was being turned this way and that and squinted at by Aunt Millie in the front room.

"What you see," Evie groaned, "is only the half of it! New girdle and bra—and look at these on my feet, for heaven's sake!"

"I've never known such an unnatural creature," Aunt Millie snapped. "*And stop jabbing at your hair!*"

"Father will have a fit when he sees this," Evie offered. Her blonde hair was curled and piled high on her head, like a magazine cover. "If I ever have to sit down in this, you take the consequences."

Just then Father came in from the City. It hit him like a charge of electricity and he dropped his umbrella. "*Evie!*" he gasped.

"I've entered my protest," Evie recorded. "Don't look at me like that!"

"I think you—humm——" Father said. The shock left him with a silly look on his face and he was walking round now, rubbing his chin. "Don't you think——"

"Think nothing!" Aunt Millie snapped. "You know nothing about modern business conditions. Business is human relationships, and they're as old as Adam!" She pushed Father out of the room and shut the door.

"I may be a little old-fashioned——" Father began.

"Evie's tried all the likely offices for a job," I pleaded. "It won't hurt for her to try the unlikely ones now, especially if she has new confidence, as Aunt Millie claims."

"I can see nothing but trouble in this idea of your aunt's," Father prophesied. "If a man requires help in his business, he looks for intelligence and keenness. Not hair piled on top of your head."

Well, this is the amazing part of it. Evie started out after breakfast next morning with Aunt Millie hurling parting advice from the doorstep, and inside forty minutes she had landed a job. When Father came home and heard the news he was so startled he sat on his bowler.

"The White Hart Laundry," Evie said, offhand. "I started this afternoon."

"I thought you had already asked for a job there."

"Aunt Millie said insist on seeing the boss himself—so I did. The young man in the outer office took me straight in and the managing director gave me the job. He's just lost his secretary and he decided I might do as soon as he saw me."

"I still think that dress is too tight," Father said. "Think of work at the wash tubs and things."

Aunt Millie threw up her hands. "Wash tubs! The man who engaged Evie owns the laundry and Evie is his *personal secretary*."

"I have a swivel chair," Evie mentioned, "and a desk in the outer

office, and the pay is eight pounds a week."

"What!" Father gasped.

"Perhaps," Aunt Millie suggested, "you would have liked her to insist on less?"

"I would like to know a little more about this Mr. Adams," Father decided. "I don't like it. Doesn't ask her for references ——." He turned suddenly on Evie, who was prinking in front of the mirror. "How about shorthand?"

Evie pushed red-tipped fingers delicately at her perm, her head poised appraisingly. "Oh, I never interfere with the typists. If I want one, or Mr. Adams does, I ring."

"If Mr. Adams requires the help of an intelligent secretary like Evie, have you any objection?" Aunt Millie demanded. "Some day you'll be too old yourself to keep dashing here and there all over the building ——."

"I dash over no buildings," Father yelled. Then he calmed himself. "If Evie can be worth eight pounds a week to the old gentleman I'm very happy about it."

I don't think anyone—even Aunt Millie—expected Evie to last out the week, but on Friday she brought home eight pounds, less P.A.Y.E., and I'm sure that until that moment Father had never really believed it.

The whole business had a queer effect on Evie. The lights were on in her room that evening, and when I went up to bed there was Evie, turning this way and that in front of the cheval glass. Her eyes looked different, they were so alive.

"You've lipstick on!" I said.

"Of course I have," she said. "Really this dress doesn't look so bad does it?"

SHE laughed, and for a moment I thought it was the old Evie. But I noticed her hips as she walked across the room, and I knew it wasn't Evie after all.

Now it seemed she was making herself so indispensable she was kept on overtime. "No good can come of a job like that," Father hinted darkly.

"She's a great help to her employer," Aunt Millie defended. "He appreciates her initiative and the drive of youth. As one grows wiser in experience——."

"For heaven's sake leave Mr. Adams alone!" Evie cried. "He's considerate and understanding. He likes to see flowers brightening the office and has some sent every day for my desk. That shows he's a gentleman."

"I very much doubt it," Father hinted.

"If he makes any advances," Evie promised, "I'll yell for help."

"*Evie!*" Aunt Millie reproved.

Well, the second week ended and Evie brought home another fat pay packet; basic, plus overtime, less P.A.Y.E. It made Father blink. It made him almost believe in miracles. But during the third week we were all waiting for Evie to come home from work and it was nearly midnight—and still no Evie.

"Something's happened to Evie!" Father said. "I knew it all along, flowers on her desk. . . ."

"Don't be a fool," Aunt Millie snapped. She was really more on edge than Father, but she would have died rather than admit it. "Evie can look after herself."

"Those high-heeled shoes," Father recalled.

"Stuff and nonsense!" she rejoined bravely, but just to look at Aunt Millie's face was enough to see the body in the trunk. Father had got to the point where he was suggesting I ring up the mortuaries when a taxi stopped outside the house. A waft of expensive perfume came in with Evie.

"Where have you *been*?" Aunt Millie asked, cracking with relief.

"To a cinema in the West End," Evie yawned. "Mr. Adams took me in his

"Why, Cyril, you shouldn't have!"

limousine as a reward for all the extra things I do for him."

"Limousine," Father echoed. "Your employer took you ——."

"To the cinema," Aunt Millie repeated for him. "Is the child to have no relaxation? She goes to the cinema like a million other young girls, and what do you do? Ring up the mortuaries, and the hospitals, and run round to the police ——."

"I've run round nowhere," Father cried. "I don't think it's proper for a man as old as that to take his personal and confidential secretary out to the cinema and ——."

"If you've all finished picking on the poor child," Aunt Millie announced, "I'll get her a cup of cocoa."

"Cocoa—crikey!" Evie said, but she drank it all the same.

There was no doubt about Evie taking the job seriously. She was up in good time to get to work and she seemed to like it. She was learning a lot, and when she switched the family laundry to the White Hart and got forty per cent rebate on list prices, Aunt Millie's eyes shone with pride.

"I suppose it's all right accepting his invitations?" Father said to Aunt Millie.

"What makes that girl such a success with the old man," Aunt Millie informed him, "is that she's always had you to look after."

"*I'm* not an old dodderer," Father yelled.

"Mr. Adams must be rich," Aunt Millie reflected, without looking up from her sewing. "It's nice he should have a personal interest in Evie."

"The old toad!" Father sneered.

It wasn't long after this that overwork began to have effect on Evie. She came in later and she wouldn't eat. For Evie to be off her food was sensational enough, but Evie took to hiding herself up in her bedroom when she *was* at home, and staring at things.

"She's only going on for eighteen, bless her!" Aunt Millie said. She took off her glasses and breathed on them. "Nothing wrong with her that Nature won't take care of. But that selfish Mr. Adams certainly runs her off her legs."

When I asked Evie about it, on Father's instructions, she said: "Be your age, Carie! How can I eat two suppers? I have dinner every night with Mr. Adams. He's reserved a table until further notice at the restaurant in Jermyn Street we generally have lunch at."

And you might say that was the beginning of the end of Evie's career as a business executive.

I must confess I had never liked the idea of this Mr. Adams taking Evie round. It might have been all right for some girls. But not for Evie.

Most nights now she would get home after all of us except Aunt Millie had gone to bed. She was flushed and excited. "We don't see much of Evie these days." Father said mournfully. "It's nearly a month she's had that job. . . ."

"You're only young once," Aunt Millie told him, ambiguously. "Time I was getting back to the shop."

Father looked up quickly. "Now, now! We're all very glad to have you here for as long as you can stay. You know that. I think you've done wonders for Evie and she ought to be very grateful."

"I only came to see her settled in a job. My monthly ticket expires on Wednesday. Heaven only knows what that woman has been doing with my shop!"

"I won't hear of you going," Father said.

"Evie says Mr. Adams has invited her to drive with him in his car down to Maidenhead this weekend."

"Tell her from me she is not—not allowed to go," Father said.

"Tell her yourself," Aunt Millie replied. "You're her father and she won't listen to me."

"Carie will tell her it is impossible for her to accept the invitation," Father ordered, and stalked out.

"Of course I'm going with him," Evie said. "First Aunt Millie, then you! What's wrong with Maidenhead?"

EVIE didn't get back from Maidenhead until nearly three in the morning and when Aunt Millie, who had sat up, tried to say something to her, Evie burst into tears and ran upstairs to bed without a word. On the Sunday she went off somewhere again.

"I wish people could keep their noses out of other people's business," Evie yelled at me. "Someone . . . took me down to Brighton, if you *must* know!"

"There are other things you have to think about besides having a good time," I reminded her. In some ways Evie looked older, and in some ways even younger, in spite of the way she could wear the sort of clothes she and Aunt Millie picked out!

"If you want to know," Evie said, blushing, "I'm—I'm going to bring someone home! So there!"

"*Evie!*" I caught up her hands. "I'm so sorry I've been so dense," I apologized. "All the time I was thinking it was that horrid old man, Mr. Adams!"

I thought it would embarrass Evie to tell anyone, so when a shiny car drew up outside the house on Tuesday as we were sitting down to supper it came as a surprise. "It's Evie and *a young man!*" Aunt Millie reported from the curtains. Her voice had a touch of pure reverence in the end part.

Evie came in sparkling. There are times when she really looks beautiful. "Father!" she said. "This is Brent. We want to get married."

The silence that followed was terrific. Aunt Millie was pale as a ghost and Father had a piece of sausage on his fork half way to his mouth, caught as if photographed in the act.

"Married?" Aunt Millie echoed.

I was looking at this Brent and wondering where he had come from. He was tall and wore glasses. A nice, shyish sort of face that lit up every time it caught sight of Evie. Evie reached back now and pulled her young man forward. "We've been to see Brent's mother and father. It's all right with them. So——."

"So I'd like to ask your consent, sir," Brent finished.

"The answer is yes," Aunt Millie said.

"Well—I, that is," Father began.

"We all heard," Aunt Millie said. "They're going to be married! Aren't you going to ask Brent to sit down?" She shot Evie's young man a coquettish smile, and he grinned back at her.

"But, of course!" Father said. "Forgive me! Won't you join us?"

"We can't stay," Evie explained. "We're having dinner with Brent's people at Hampstead. His father has retired."

"How much do you earn and who are you?" Aunt Millie demanded. "You get by on looks, all right. But that isn't all."

"Millicent!" Father roared. "Keep out of this affair, *if* you please! Forgive my sister, Mr.——?"

"Adams," Brent said.

"That's a coincidence. Evie works for a man of that name," Father said. "An old gentleman who, unfortunately, is crippled with rheumatism. The White Hart Laundry."

BRENT and Evie exchanged a look. "As a matter of fact, I work at the place myself," Brent admitted.

"Then you would be some relation?" Father asked. "Evie is only seventeen."

"Eighteen next month," Aunt Millie put in. "Have you fixed a day yet?"

"She's too young to think of it," Father decided.

"Stop raising fictitious objections!" Aunt Millie flung at him. Her eyes were bright with romance.

"I'm sorry I referred to your father as a cripple," Father said.

"Oh, Daddie!" Evie yelled. "Don't be a goof! This *is* Mr. Adams. My boss. His father retired when Brent came back from the war and the laundry belongs to Brent now."

"Oh!" Aunt Millie managed. She swallowed quickly. "Now, you two run off and enjoy yourselves. Don't worry," she offered, "everything's going to be all right!"

"Well, thanks, Aunt Millie!" Brent said. He followed Evie out of the room and I saw them climb into the long car.

"I don't think I can finish my sausages," Father said in a queer voice, after a while.

"Trust a man to get sentimental!" Aunt Millie snorted. She attacked her own sausages with gusto. Her eye roved and stopped with a horrid purposefulness on me. I could feel it running over my hair and my jumper at which Evie and I had knitted in turns for the best part of eighteen months.

"After supper," Aunt Millie said, "I'll run the tape measure over Carie."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Hear All Sides

ONE way to estimate a man's abilities is to study the value of his judgment. Probably no other quality is so accurate a guide as to whether he is worthy of confidence.

Judgment can be tested. A man's own course of action depends on his judgment being sound. His advice to others depends on his judgment being sure. And both things quickly come up against facts.

How does one develop sound judgment? John Stuart Mill wrote: ". . . . the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion."

A wise man, in fact, is never unwilling to listen to arguments against him, and is never afraid to admit he is mistaken.

Truth is difficult to establish. Only a man whose mind is unprejudiced can hope to catch even a glimpse of it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WHY FRANCE CAN'T SNAP OUT OF IT

by C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS

Ever-changing governments, strikes, discord: bad for France, bad for Europe, bad for us. But let's understand France's problems before getting impatient

Each crisis brings rule by de Gaulle or Communist Thorez a step nearer. There's still a chance to thwart both

AS I DROVE through France in the past few weeks, I continually asked myself why it is that these people, so hard-headed and so practical, seem even today unable to set about putting their affairs in order?

Governments come and go. Not only do they change with bewildering rapidity, but the party leaders have found it increasingly difficult to form any Government at all which will command a majority.

France is in difficulties. It matters a great deal to us what happens across the Channel—and not only to us. For France is the hub of Western Europe, and her future is Western Europe's future. But it is folly to try to judge France by British standards.

I remember a conversation at a table outside a wooden hut which called itself the "Café de la Poste," in what had once been the centre of an ancient and prosperous Norman town but is now a mass of partially cleared rubble, left from the German retreat four years ago.

"You English are more fortunate than we," said my French companion. "You are not constantly reminded by your eyes—and your nose—that for four years the Germans were actually living in your houses, kidnapping your men for slave work in the Reich, shooting your young resisters at the crossroads a mile away. Your wounds are healed, or are healing, whereas we—we are still waking from a nightmare."

So He Closed His Factory

He sipped his cup. "You will ask me: 'Why then are you sitting here instead of working?'" he went on. "I will tell you. My factory was working yesterday—after a fashion—but today we have run out of raw material, so we closed. I know where the raw material is; it is at the port a hundred miles away, but we can't get at it.

"First there was a strike at the port; then the railway cannot cope with the traffic; then my workmen say they cannot live on their present wages—for prices have risen again for everything since last month when I raised their wages once more—and they must go out into the country to buy food for their families.

"What can I do? What can they do? What can anybody do?"

That, indeed, is the problem: what can be done? For that matter, what *has* been done? Each party in turn has treated the people of France too gently, partly to preserve its own popularity, and partly because of the fear that harsh measures would drive the electors into Communism or Gaullism. Hence the de-rationing of a far wider range of goods than in England. Hence the rising spiral which wages and prices have been allowed to take.

No party has had the courage to do what our own Government has done (and what the Government of any other party in Britain would have done). Often they have not told the people the sad truth and insisted on a régime of austerity. Or, when they have, they have not found other parties willing to share the odium of introducing unpalatable restrictions.

It has always been the unpopular but necessary proposals of the Finance Minister which have split the Cabinet and brought in yet another Government to evade the real issue.

The longer the disease continues unchecked, the more imminent becomes the upheaval in which either de Gaulle or the Communists could gain real power. Which it might be, nobody can say. My own guess is that, with de Gaulle in power, nation-wide strikes would be organized by the Communists, and in the ensuing bloodshed the two rival totalitarian parties would fight it out.

Firm steps now would avert that tragedy. Time after time it has seemed that a strong Cabinet is on the point of taking them. Then, at the last moment, support is withdrawn, the reforming Government collapses. And the streets ring again with shouts for Thorez and de Gaulle.

"De Gaulle this! De Gaulle that!" murmured my friend. "If I thought that he could bring order into this chaos of ours, I would put him in power tomorrow—I and ten million others."

Hero Who's Slipped Up

They've been told he is their last hope—the one man who can clear their parliamentary stables of the bargainers and the party bosses and the coalitions that never coalesce. It is true that he was a hero: throughout the war they worshipped him and all he stood for. When he came back to France the whole country was for him . . . for a few weeks.

"Then," says my friend, "he showed his weakness, his lack of political tact, his inability to chose lieutenants whom we could trust as we have trusted him, and he talked and talked and talked—instead of acting. Then he resigned, and now he wants to come back. But by now the opposition to him is far too strong: the Communists know what they want, they have their orders and they obey them.

"We all know that, if he comes into power, there will be more strikes, more riots, more disorder and more hindrance to reconstruction. How we respect you Britons, with your instinct for order, your capacity for discipline!"

He left me and went off to meet a man who was going to sell him the butter which he could not buy on his ration card.

Like most other Frenchmen, he regards the law as something outside himself, not made by the citizen but imposed from above. But, again like most other Frenchmen today, he realizes that there is a time when ills become so grievous that only harsh measures and discipline can cure them.

That is why, if he thought de Gaulle would provide effective discipline, he would support him. That is why millions of his compatriots, believing that Communism would be both disciplined and strong, are eager to put Thorez into power.

You may say that the problem of shortages and increasing prices is familiar enough to us, and that we have faced it and, for the time being anyhow, are putting it in its place.

Quite true, but, as I drove away from that town, I came to a notice on the main road a few miles out telling me that I must make a long detour. A river bridge had been blown up by the Germans in their retreat and was still replaced by only a footbridge.

It occurred to me that, since France is a land of great rivers, and since either the Germans or their pursuers destroyed practically every important bridge throughout the country, it was, indeed, unfair to compare our difficulties with those of the French. Not only every main road in France, but every railway line, was so battered in the last year of the war that it has been impossible to restore the communications necessary for industrial reconstruction.

The Young Man and His Girl

And here is another problem the French as yet cannot tackle.

A young man introduces a girl to me, a very pretty girl. "Yes," he says, "we are engaged to be married—we have been ever since we met in London in the resistance.

"But we can find nowhere to live. Rents are too low. A good five-roomed flat in a prewar house costs twenty pounds a year."

I remark that this seems contradictory.

"You don't understand," he insists. "That is the prewar rent and that is what the prewar tenants are paying. But, if they were to let us their flat, they would have to charge today's prices, which are ten times as high. And the landlords, because the rent they receive does not

Continued on page 15

What's

Tommy Handley is more than just a funny man. As mouthpiece of ordinary folk he's an important man, too. But unless his radio adventures come down to earth, he may miss his wider opportunities

Sprucely dressed Tommy Handley, serious for a change, photographed by William Kemp in the West London flat where he has lived for the past sixteen years. His popularity is as high as ever, but changes are needed

SHARP AT EIGHT THIRTY on the evening of Thursday, September 23, a familiar musical din will tingle the ears of an estimated twelve million listeners to the B.B.C. Home Service.

The din will provide the accompaniment to a hackneyed cantata in which "brewing" is heard to rhyme with "doing," and somebody's "boy" with "pride and joy." Through it all will run a persistent reference to "that man again."

Faded down, the clamour will be succeeded by a jingling echo of itself, over which there will come Britain's best-known radio voice, saying: "Hallo, folks!" Tommy Handley will be at the microphone for the opening of the *Itma* season of 1948-49.

The audience outside the studio will encompass the nation. At one end of the scale, engagements permitting, will be the King and Queen with their daughters, all confirmed *Itma* listeners. At the other will be the ordinary householders and their families, sitting in innumerable parlours and small front rooms, glad that *Itma* is back to take their minds off current frustrations, even though it means that winter, and fuel cuts, are not far away.

Nothing Like It

It will be an occasion for the listeners; even more of an occasion for the principal performer. That "Hallo, folks!" will mark the opening of *Itma's* tenth successive year. No other programme of the kind has been on the air for anything like so long or held more firmly the allegiance of anything like so many listeners. No other radio show of any kind has built up its chief personality into what Tommy Handley now is: a national institution.

The question, which grows more urgent with every year, is: How long can Handley keep it up?

From its faltering start, in imitation of *Band Wagon* in July, 1939, *Itma's* history has been one of continuously mounting success for Tommy Handley. Francis Worsley's production and Ted Kavanagh's scripts have been essential contributory factors, but the rock on which the success has been built is Tommy Handley's own determination to do a good job.

That he has done a good job so far is proved by the twelve million listening audience.

Is he doing the *right* job? That is the question which he now has to face.

To answer it we must take a closer look at the Handley character. First, and most significantly, he has been extraordinarily successful in sustaining the

Next For That Man?

by Reginald Pound

impression that he is an average sort of chap who, somehow, has had a bit of luck. He has avoided spreading the rarefied air of aloofness which alienates so many comedians and other radio personalities from their potential audiences.

This, of course, is strictly in line with his past history. He was born into the dairy business in Liverpool; he started work at fifteen on the Corn Exchange; he served a spell as a commercial traveller; and he went into a touring company of *The Maid of the Mountains* as a chorus boy. It was a long uphill journey, singing in cafés, gagging in revue and travelling endlessly round the provinces in his first big success, *The Disorderly Room*.

Success Astonished Him

Tommy has never embarrassed himself with too much ambition. He has not gone all out for reputation. He is a solid, commercial comedian and behind his success, which is very considerable, lie years of hard work.

He has lived in the same flat in Lancaster Gate for the past sixteen years, with the same wife, Jean Allistone, who once sang soprano while Tommy handled the gags.

Nobody is more astonished by the outcome of all this hard work than Tommy himself. Self-help has been his only guide, to which has been added the common touch with which he grew up.

For the new season's *Itma*, the basic script will be by Kavanagh as before; the worries of balance and overall production will belong to Worsley. But into it all will have gone Tommy's own unrivalled twenty-five years' experience of the radio medium as well as an alertness of mind by no means restricted to expressing itself in terms of gag, catchphrase and witty comeback.

Tommy will have sat over the drafted script in a cubbyhole of an office with the close attention of a business executive at his desk. He will be there most days of the week, pipe in mouth, silk handkerchief lolling from his breast pocket, fountain pen in hand, revising this line, scoring out that one, making notes of others and occasionally taking himself into corners to rehearse unheard and alone.

With all this goes an almost sublime disregard of the importance of his own personality in regard to it all. And there, perhaps, lies the clue to the future of *Itma*—its continued success, or failure.

I have known Handley for several years and know that one of the most likeable things about him is his persistent refusal to be persuaded that he is a man of importance.

Yet the plain truth is that he is of immense importance as the symbol of all non-important people. Though he does not, or will not, realize it, his celebrity is due to just this identification with the ordinary man.

Everybody knows him. Everybody recognizes him. He can rarely hail a taxi without receiving from the driver the answering crack: "Wait till I tell the boys!"

Leaving the Olympic Games with him, I did the hailing. The driver left us in no doubt about his disinclination to accept any more fares, this having evidently been for him one of those days.

Tommy, who has a somewhat Tomtopian belief that he can disguise his voice by putting on dark glasses, then

The "Man," with Lind Joyce and Michele de Lys. *Itma* programme has been built into radio's top crazy show. This year it faces its sternest test

added his exhortations to mine. He had hardly to speak a word. The driver's occupational snarl gave way to a large grin. "Broadcastin' House, guv?"

I recall, also, the extremely red face of the little girl of six or so at the Games. She had spotted him and was trying to convince her mother of that overwhelming experience in her young life. "Oh, but it *is*, mummy—it *is*," she shrieked, dancing with excitement.

"Don't be ridiculous," said her mother, giving her a savage armpull as she dragged the child off. "Tommy Handley wouldn't be *here*. Besides," giving him a resentful stare, "it isn't a bit *like* him."

Despite these occasional lapses, his fame has become formidable and capable of interfering with the routine of much more solemn national institutions. Recently we went together to the Old Bailey, he being interested in criminology and a frequent guest of the authoritative Crimes Club.

Within a few minutes of his arrival counsel were permitting themselves elaborately casual over-the-shoulder glances at him and the policemen and detectives at the back of the court were nudging each other.

A "Sninch of Puff"

I am prepared to testify that a light passed over the faces of the tight-lipped jury when it dawned on them that he was sitting in the well of the court, listening to the judge's summing-up.

When, presently, the jurymen filed out to consider their verdict, the judge retired with a bow to his private room. A moment later I found myself being invited by his clerk to take Tommy Handley round to introduce him.

The judge, who in his day at the Bar had known great reputation, too, disclosed that he and his family "are often amused by *Itma*." He fumbled under his scarlet robe for his snuffbox—Tommy is a snuff-taker and can talk the language—and there followed a pleasant half-hour of interrogation and reminiscence.

Meanwhile, a City sheriff, who was attending the Central Criminal Court on official duties, was waiting outside to conduct us to *his* room for a glass of wine. He, too, was robed and resplendent.

"Mr. Handley," he said, as he raised his glass of sherry, "you are the most famous man in England today. I am proud to drink to your health."

Colourful Encounters

These colourful encounters interest Tommy Handley and occasionally impress him. When they do he will talk about them, allusively but pleasurably, for days afterwards. But, having reported them, he will add a verbal footnote: "Dear, oh, dear!" It is said almost under his breath and in a tone of private wonderment.

It confirms what, in any event, you will have discovered for yourself: that he is quite without self-esteem and that he is in the tradition of the genuine humorists, who are invariably more interested in their fellow men than in themselves.

His favourite reading has a bearing on this. It is a book which shows up, unmercifully but not cruelly, the little foibles and follies of the people he knows best, because he came from them: the middle class.

The Diary of a Nobody is always by his bedside. He has read it over and over again and delights in quoting from it. "Dear, oh, dear!" he will murmur down his pipe-stem as he recalls the idiotic social values it represents and the fatuous panics of Mr. Pooter, its chief character.

It is this unmistakably great human sympathy which has lain beneath Tommy's hard work and his success. His voice, invading a million homes, sounds friendly because it is the instrument of a genuinely friendly man. The undertones are there. But to date they have seldom been emphasized. He has the common touch. He is the character who is equally readily recognized by judge and jury, by policeman and taxi-driver.

It was perhaps no accident that the little girl knew who he was while her mother refused to believe that so ordinary a character would ever be found at such an extraordinary event as the Olympic Games.

He is the ordinary man, with the ordinary man's simple, sardonic, but basically honest approach to the everyday problem. And it is this side of his character which has been for too long overlooked.

Speed Would Baffle Bob Hope

Tommy has expended his energy on smart cracks, double-talk, an ability to read a script at a speed which would baffle Bob Hope or Jack Benny. It is only incidentally that his fundamentally sound everyday sense has found expression.

He has careered down the sidetracks of craziness as Minister in charge of the Office of Twerps, Squire Handley, the Postwar Planner, the Prospective M.P., the Governor of Tomtopia and so on. The trivialities of topical appeal have obscured the broader appeal of which Handley is undoubtedly capable.

It sounds over-ponderous to say it, but the truth is that Handley has a position to live up to. He is, in the comic field, the personification of the majority of his fellow countrymen. He has the stolidity, the modesty and the quirky humour of the people who make up Britain. Unless he lives up to that specification he cannot continue indefinitely at the top of the poll.

Last year there was already a rising murmur of criticism that *Itma* was slipping. The listening figures showed no drop. The popularity of the leading man was apparently as high as ever. Yet the public was showing signs of not getting quite what it wanted. And what it wants is, I believe, that essential Handley who is neither smart aleck nor cheaply topical, but a solid, hardworking, humorous chap who expresses all the things that the rest of us would like to say.

Master Plan is Secret

Obviously, *Itma* has great vitality. It still has nation-wide appeal. Millions of people this autumn and winter will pivot their week on Thursday night at eight thirty.

What the master plan for this season's *Itma* will be is still a secret. I fear that it will not prove a very profound secret. Yet on it will depend the future of *Itma*.

The trouble about the radio medium is that its emphasis is on superficial personality rather than on depth of character.

Itma has exploited many sides of the Tommy Handley personality; but I believe that there are many profitable discoveries to be made about his character.

From his character proceed the qualities which are among his greatest assets. The scripts have too often tended to overlook them; his incorrigible friendliness his essential kindliness and his undefeatable faith in his fellow men, which at times seems almost Dickensian in its sincerity and range.

Good Carcase Meat is Wasted • A Problem for Mothers • Example of Shoddy Workmanship

Mr. and Mrs. B. Streeter with their baby whose push-chair gave way

FREE SPEECH

I AM A FARM WORKER, and recently, while calling in the cows for milking, I found that one had strayed to another herd and had been savaged.

The vet. found that it had been so badly hurt that it would have to be destroyed, and told us that if we got in touch with a licensed butcher the meat would be good for human consumption.

On ringing up the manager of a local slaughterhouse, however, we were informed that his men had gone home and would not be recalled even for an urgent matter. "Sell it for dog meat," was his advice—and so eight to ten hundredweight of good carcase meat was wasted.

In these days of meat shortage, slaughterhouses should always be able to call on someone in emergency.—A. J. DAVIES, Peckingwell, Langley Burrell, Chippenham, Wilts.

Whose Decision?

READING OF A baby being delivered by Caesarian operation shortly after the mother had been killed in an accident, I wonder by whose right this was allowed to take place?

Mrs. K. F. Mihill

If the mother had known what was going to happen to her, wouldn't she have preferred the baby to die with her? I know I should. What do other mothers think?—MRS. K. F. MIHILL, 30 St. Anne's Road, Beccles, Suffolk.

Homeworkers Penalized

AGED FIFTY-SEVEN and fifty-three respectively, my husband and I both work at home for a private firm. Until July 5, our National Insurance cards were stamped at the works.

Now, however, we have been classed as "self-employed," and must buy our own stamps, costing 11s. 3d. a week—a windfall which benefits employers.

Surely, at this time, when the Government wishes more people to work at home, some arrangement might be made to differentiate between folk like ourselves and those who are really "self-employed" with their own businesses.—MRS. V. M. S., Lancs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Heat Wave Collapse

WHILE WALKING in a busy seaside road during a recent hot spell the canvas of baby's push-chair gave way, and she fell through to the road.

Investigation proved that the canvas was not sewn, but only secured with a glue-like substance which the heat of the sun had melted. This could have had dangerous consequences, and, while we were thankful that nothing more serious than bruises resulted, my wife and I were shocked at the disgraceful workmanship.—B. STREETER, Glossop House, Chiltington Common, Pulborough, Sussex.

Answer to Over-Forty-Fives

NO PLACE IN BRITAIN for experienced business men of over forty-five, wrote J. W. M., Stockport (JOHN BULL, August 28).

Nonsense! Like J. W. M., I served throughout the first World War. In the second World War I was a civil servant in the War Office, later in the Food Ministry. I have also held administrative positions for twenty years.

The real trouble with those of us over forty-five is that, after a fairly easy life, we are inclined to get into a rut and stagnate.

The answer is manual labour, the harder the better. It's grand. Britain today holds out great opportunity to people of any age who really want to work. Working with my hands has given me fresh interest in life.—SYDNEY G. OUREBY, Flat 14, Crabtree Hall, London, S.W.6.

Disabled Men as Watchmen

AS A FACTORY NIGHT WATCHMAN I was very interested in John Newnham's article, "Midnight is Their Alert Hour" (JOHN BULL, August 21).

In the factory where I am employed are four watchmen. One has only one arm, another one eye, the third is shaky with old age and I myself have a disabled hand. It is perfectly obvious that none of us would be any good in a fight.

Disabled men like ourselves should have light jobs found us and not work for which we are totally unsuitable.—C. F. M., Northampton. (Full name and address enclosed.)

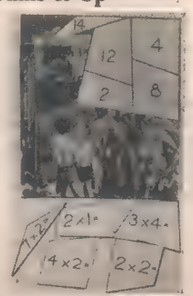
Wrong Bottle

THE READER G. T., of Bournemouth, who wrote (JOHN BULL, August 28) urging that bottles containing chemicals should have a design different from that of other bottles, is quite right.

Returning home recently, I poured out a small quantity of what I thought was cordial, and sipped it. I spent the next half-hour gargling: the "cordial" was hypo. The bottles containing this hypo and the cordial were exactly the same in shape and size, and both labels were the same colour.—J. E. D., Prescot, Lancs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

John Bull Sums it Up

MRS. GREENHALGH'S use of JOHN BULL cover paintings for her class of children at school was of great interest (JOHN BULL, August 7). I, too, have found them very useful in teaching my class of infants and have developed a system which removes the old-fashioned drudgery of learning arithmetical tables.



Most popular lesson

I paste the covers on to a sheet of cardboard. This is cut into a jig-saw puzzle of twelve parts, and a plain card is placed beneath. On this card I draw duplicate shapes of the cut-out pieces. On the back of each cut-out piece, I write half of an equation: for example, 6 × 3 = . On the duplicate shape of the plain card is the answer: 18.

The whole table is built up in this manner and is therefore self-corrective. The child has to take each portion separately and write the complete equation. When the analysis is complete and the table correctly written, a new puzzle is given to the child. Tables are now the most popular part of the lesson!—MISS ADA QUANTRILL, Priory Heath Infants' School, Lindberg Road, Ipswich.

Teachers at Home

NOW THAT SCHOOL holidays are over, many mothers are breathing sighs of relief. But few, I imagine, are as relieved as I am. I am a school-teacher's wife! Imagine having a husband around the house for twelve weeks out of the fifty-two, expecting that the housework should be done by magic, that baby should always be immaculate, and not realizing that socks stay undarned if there is extra work.

Now, perhaps, we'll have a little peace and quiet until the Christmas holidays.—MRS. B., Sheffield. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Stirring Invention

AS A BUSY housewife, I find it most irritating to be tied to the stove stirring a pan while so many other jobs are crying out for attention.

Mrs. Rowlandson

How nice if an inventor would devise a pan lid with some kind of attachment which could be wound up like clockwork and left to stir the porridge.—MRS. ROWLANDSON, 31 Pagebank Road, Liverpool, 14.

Nursery Coach

WHEN BRITISH RAILWAYS have the time and money, it would be a good idea to make one carriage on long-distance trains a children's coach.

This coach could be used as a nursery for young children, and should be suitably equipped with cots and a changing room. It would allow harassed fathers to recuperate after the strain of convoying the family to the station.—JAMES G. TAYLOR, 31A Park Road, Stratford, London, E.15.

Remedy for Landladies

I FELT SORRY FOR landladies after reading the letter by one of them on children at the seaside (JOHN BULL, September 4). Surely the simplest remedy would be to charge parents with kiddies £5 advance deposit. Any damage done by the children could be deducted from the refund of this sum.—T. PYKE, 80 Irsha Street, Appledore, Bideford, Devon.

"Briefs" are Manlier

SOCCER AND RUGGER players should wear more up-to-date sportswear. French, Italian and Hungarian players wear thigh-tight "briefs," and their muscular, manly calves are a refreshing contrast to our own players' pale knees.

The comical-looking bloomers seen on British fields restrict action and are archaic.—W. B. TAWSE, 60 Hammerfield Avenue, Aberdeen, Scotland.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

WHY FRANCE CAN'T SNAP OUT OF IT

Continued from page 11

even pay for repairs, refuse to build new houses or to rebuild the houses which are lying in ruins all round. It has always been a French habit to put savings into house property: now these people have lost all their money, because rents are so low."

He points to a man who is shuffling past us, almost in rags.

"Regard that gentleman, *monsieur*," he says. "He sold a good business here in this town just before the war, because he was growing old and because his wife was ill. With the money he bought a pretty cottage down by the river, and there he reckoned to live quietly during his old age on the rest of his savings. Well, the value of that money has fallen to a tenth or less, and now he and his wife are starving—literally starving—except for the vegetables they grow in their little garden."

And so it goes on—the same problems that we have, but, whereas with us the wheel is moving forward, slowly but still moving, with the French it is swinging idly, as often backwards as forwards.

The French just don't know where to start the task of reconstruction.

If they were to begin with the peasants and the farmers, they would have to permit a rise in the food prices which would create instant chaos in the towns.

If they began by trying to restore industry as the first stage, this would mean a building programme and an outlay for imported raw materials which would be out of all proportion to France's resources of manpower and hard currency.

Communist Aims are Clear

No matter which way you turn, you realize what the war did to France.

And always there is the question of the very large and highly disciplined Communist Party in France. Its aims are perfectly clear: it wishes to see the whole country reduced to such a pitch of incapacity that the old order of things will perish and an opportunity will be given to the Communists to start from scratch.

The majority of Frenchmen are extremely sceptical about the Marxian paradise dangled before them. So they snatch at any and every alternative. This is why you have these endless political manoeuvres.

The trouble with this all-too-human hesitancy is that the situation deteriorates with each new crisis. The worse it becomes, the easier will it be for the Communists or Gaullists to seize control.

The only solution is for the democratic parties to form a true coalition, sinking their own prejudices and fears and ambitions, and agreeing to put through the severe measures of reconstruction they know are necessary.

The reaction from the majority of Frenchmen would, I believe, astonish both their own politicians and the world. The French are individualistic, no great respecters of the law, fickle in their allegiance to parties and leaders. But they have two abiding passions: a love of their country, which they will not allow to sink into chaos and decay, and a deep reverence for that spirit of democracy in whose defence they have expended so much of wealth and blood.

For those two ideals they will submit to discipline, austerity and every conceivable irksome regulation—if only they can find the democratic leaders courageous enough to show the way.

SOCCER'S PRIMA DONNAS

George Martin has a gift for handling teams in the dumps, as Newcastle, stranded in the Second Division, found to its cost—and advantage

by GEOFFREY BOCCA

Back in Division One at last. Fairbrother jumps to it against Chelsea

TO PILOT football's most temperamental team into the First Division last season, George Martin, manager of Newcastle United, had to show some of the combined characteristics of Winston Churchill, Confucius and Simon Legree.

To maintain Newcastle's winning record, and to keep directors and supporters happy this season, Martin will need a touch of Superman. How he will fare is a subject of the liveliest speculation among soccer fans in Britain today.

The Newcastle side's record is an interesting study in fluctuating fortunes. It shows how failure can be redeemed by inspired management and a ragged, depressed team built up into a confident, goal-scoring machine.

It was in 1934-35 that Newcastle was relegated for the first time in its history. Tynesiders tried to smile it off, Andy Cunningham, the manager, calling it "an interesting adventure."

But the adventure ceased to be interesting during the fourteen years of exile that were to follow. Neither club nor supporters could become reconciled to the Second Division.

Chasing promotion, they became a bunch of temperamental prima donnas instead of a football team.

Some seasons they looked as if they might make it; other seasons they never came near the top, and one ghastly season they almost went into Division Three.

In the fight to get back, Newcastle paid big fees for stars like Ray Bowden, of Arsenal and Ralph Birkett, of Middlesbrough. But when the war began, the Newcastle team looked less likely than ever to win promotion.

Then, out of the war there came a new Newcastle, a young, clever team, controlled by Stan Seymour. Tynesiders asked: "Is this it at last?"

The 1946-47 season started at a great pace. Frank Brennan, Scotland's centre-half, newly signed on, quickly proved he could carry an entire defence. Roy Bentley and Len Shackleton transformed the attack into the most punishing battering ram in the country. Newcastle shot to the top of the Second Division.

Hopes Were Shattered

Then came a crash as fascinating as anything in the history of football. It happened at Luton in November, 1946.

Playing like a machine, Shackleton and Co. ripped the Luton defence wide open time after time, and by half-time were leading 3—0. There were wide grins on their faces as they trotted from the field.

The Luton players looked weary and demoralized. They hardly looked up as a man walked into their dressing-room—a man Newcastle was soon to know well. It was George Martin, then Luton's manager.

"Listen lads," he said, "forget about defence. You lose two points whether you lose by three goals or ten. I don't care how many times Newcastle score, but I want you to get one goal."

The Luton players obeyed instructions. Dally Duncan, the veteran ex-Derby County and Scotland winger, raced down the wing and centred. A Luton man was waiting and shot the ball into the net.

The game became tense. With that sixth sense which sometimes comes to football crowds, the Luton supporters went wild. The Newcastle defenders panicked. Before they knew it the ball was in the net again.

With Brennan away injured, Newcastle collapsed. Luton equalized—and then scored again. A miracle! Luton, down 0—3 at half-time, had won 4—3.

Newcastle was never the same team after that. At the end of the season it was well down the Second Division.

During the close season, the directors decided to appoint a new manager. After dozens had been interviewed, the man selected was—George Martin.

He had a tough job. The team was sullen and downcast, the supporters, who had averaged over fifty thousand at home games, felt frustrated at the idea of yet another season of inferior football.

Called Emergency Meeting

In the first few games of the 1947 season, dissatisfaction was very obvious in the lifeless displays on the field. With the season two months old, Newcastle was only just in the top half of the table. In despair, Martin called a players' meeting. It proved to be as eventful as his earlier talk with the Luton men.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he asked. For a while the players hesitated. Then one blurted out, "It's promotion. All we ever hear is promotion, promotion, promotion. The crowd, the papers, the directors talk about nothing else, and if one of us gets rattled he's dropped straight into the reserves without a second chance."

Martin saw the light. "All right, lads," he said, "forget about promotion. Just go in and play your own game. I'll back you with the directors."

His words did the trick. Newcastle became a fighting force again. Bentley and Shackleton, whose brilliance had tended to be individual rather than in harmony with the rest of the team, were transferred and local youngsters, like Jackie Milburn, were tried successfully.

Newcastle won match after match, and at the end of the season, after fourteen bitter years, was back in the First Division. It was a wonderful time on Tyneside.

This season is going to see interesting answers to a question of wide importance to soccer: how does a team go about the nerve-wracking business of retaining First Division status after so many years in the wilderness?

To keep the club in the First Division and in the running for the game's honours, George Martin and Stan Seymour, a director, are prepared to spend £60,000 on players. Already, they have paid £15,000 for Colin Gibson, the Cardiff winger. Newcastle scouts, on the look-out for budding stars, are patrolling the mining collieries of Northumberland and Durham, one of the richest football nurseries in the world.

If the team finds itself near the top of the First Division, its mercurial supporters will whip up every game to cup-tie frenzy. If it gets near the bottom, there will be a panic-buying of star players that will beat anything seen since the war.

Whatever happens, Newcastle's return to the First Division has given the game new life.

WITH MY FEET UP

Mind Your Mind

ONE DAY RECENTLY I was mooning about in the vicinity of Wimpole Street and Harley Street, trying to think up some unusual symptoms with which to startle a doctor, when I heard a terrific shouting and banging coming from a house.

I rushed inside and found half a dozen wild-eyed men and women arguing at the tops of their voices.

They were psycho-analysts left over from the recent International Congress on Mental Health. They had stayed behind after the conference was over to conduct a wonderful new experiment—they were going to psycho-analyse each other.

Among them was Professor Stüff of Vienna and Professor Bosch of Zagreb. There was Izzy Batts of New York and Madame Lulu Loopi of Paris.

* * *

"Please, please!" said one, holding up his hand to stop the noise. "Remember that, as psycho-analysts, we are above ordinary emotions. I'm ashamed at so much noise—why, you're behaving practically like normal people."

"You want your Ego seeing to," replied another rudely.

"As for you," said a third, "if you weren't so addicted to the Freudian pleasure-pain principle, I'd whip you within an inch of your life."

"And look at Madame Loopi there. Her Id's in a terrible state."

"What you say, hein? You have yourself ze complexes so bad you are double schizophrenic, yes, no," shouted Lulu Loopi.

A man with a black beard prevented a short, fat professor from pulling the hair of a tall female doctor. "Stop it!" he said. "We are here as leading psychiatrists to find out what our minds are like. Now, people, let us compose a responsible report. What *are* our minds like?"

"Like a sink," said someone.

"That attitude," said the man with the beard, "shows over-compensated pre-ego frustration and extra-atavistic instinctual Oedipus traits leading to subconscious father suppression."

"Bleep, bloop," said a man in the corner.

"Stop dripping," said another. "Old Bluebeard there will charge you a hundred guineas for that diagnosis."

"Then he's in for a bad dose of frustrated wish fulfilment," said someone else. "What do you think?" he added, turning to me.

"My mind's a blank," I said.

They all stopped arguing and stared at me open-mouthed.

by Ian Fox

Woodcock Challenges the Jonahs

by Alan Hoby

Wiseacres say champions never make a comeback. Next week's big bout may prove them wrong

SCAN THE LONG PARADE of past champions and you will find that few ever beat that insidious enemy—age. The grimmest ring tag of all is *They never come back.*

Dempsey—at his peak probably the greatest heavyweight of all time—lost to Tunney because, long before the end of their first memorable fight in Philadelphia, his legs had "gone." On that rainy night of September 23, 1926, the old Manassa Mauler, weary wreck of his former self, was battered by Tunney to a standstill in ten rounds.

Then there was "Slapsie" Max Baer, known as the Handsome Hulk in the States, who found that pleasure and pugilism don't mix. The other Max—the German Schmeling—took such shocking punishment from Louis the second time they met that he had to be taken to hospital on a stretcher.

Probably the wisest of them all was Gene Tunney, who got out while still unbeaten and at the top.

One man in boxing who refuses to believe that they *never* come back is Bruce Woodcock. Despite long, dark hours in a hospital bed, despite a smashed jaw and a constantly recurring eye injury, Woodcock has now been passed as A.1 by the doctors.

His Erratic Opponent

At Harringay next Tuesday, Bruce meets that wisecracking Yankee, Lee Oma, in what the British champion really believes is the first step in his rehabilitation campaign.

Now Oma, who was reared in a rough and tough district of Detroit, is no Louis. He is just an in-and-out American scrapper who has beaten both Baksi and Lesnevich.

Sometimes he is very good. Other times he is rank. Promoter Jack Solomons has publicly stated that if Woodcock whips Oma, he will give him a chance at the world title.

The question is: Can Woodcock defy the Jonahs and discredit the notion that a champion can never stage a comeback?

My own view is that the thrashing he took from Baksi eighteen months ago may have left an indelible mark, and Oma can hit. . . . But, despite the general rule that fighters—especially big men—don't "come back," there have been several glowing and glorious examples of boxers who turned tragedy into triumph.

One is Freddie Mills. True, Freddie didn't have his jaw smashed like Woodcock, but he has taken some paralysing punishment around the body from Baksi, Lesnevich and, of course, Bruce himself. I was among those who thought him finished after I had watched him sink helpless under the hail of blows rained on him by the coloured fighter, Lloyd Marshall.

Then, last July, the pathetic figure we had seen fight against Marshall was transformed, under Ted Broadribb's guidance. Mills made a sensational comeback to take the light-heavyweight crown from Gus Lesnevich. Oh, yes, it can be done.

April, 1947: Woodcock trains for fight with Baksi. He still bears marks. . . .

Woodcock, in fact, can take courage from an even more identical case of a man who had been written off as finished and who "came back" to fight for the world title itself.

This was the American Lou Nova. On September 15, 1939, Nova fought the Bronx barman, boastful "Two-Ton" Tony Galento, one of boxing's toughest characters. Joe Donovan, well-known American sports writer, described this fight at the time as the bloodiest he ever saw—"murder in the moonlight."

Set Back Two Years

After it was all over the referee's shirt was caked with blood, and everyone was convinced that both men were ruined.

Galento won by a technical knockout in the fourteenth, but he was never the same man again. Lou Nova—and this is the point where Woodcock is concerned—had to enter a sanatorium. His career was set back *two years* by the frightful shellacking he took.

The Nova eclipse in 1939 is, in fact, in every way parallel with the Woodcock debacle of 1947-48. Bruce hung on somehow for seven ghastly rounds after having his jawbone cracked by Baksi's non-stop bludgeoning. Nevertheless, despite his heartbreaking experiences, Bruce can still take heart. For Nova came back. First he stopped Max Baer; then on September 29, 1941, he fought Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world.

There the fairy story ended. Louis flattened him in six rounds. But it should be remembered that there is no heavyweight remotely in Louis's class today. And what Nova can do, Woodcock can do.

Never in boxing history has there been such an utter dearth of top-class "heavies." There are, indeed, only four men in the world of any account at this weight—Ezzard Charles, Joe Baksi, Gus Lesnevich and Joe Walcott. And of these, two, Lesnevich and Charles, are officially light-heavyweights, while both Lesnevich and Walcott are reckoned "old men" on their way out.

What a chance for Woodcock if he can take it!

Why is there such a lack of big men? Ray Arcel, famous American trainer, may have supplied one answer when he once said: "Few people realize the punishment these heavyweights take during a fight."

Bad Training, Bad Managers

But there is another aspect to be considered. Most of our own men, in my opinion, don't train correctly. The classic, traditional straight-left or "trombone-punch" school is no answer when you come up against an all-in Yank who has been taught to "walk down" the left and wade in.

The modern bruiser has got to be lethal and two-handed.

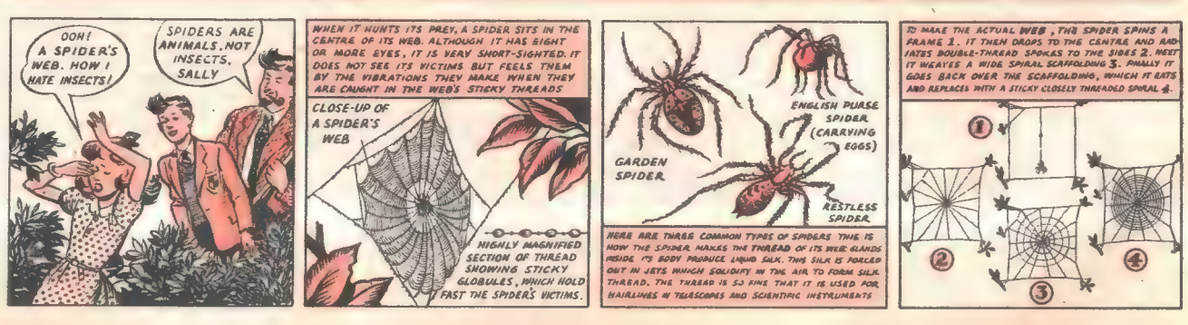
Another point: many managers in this country mishandle their men.

The example of Gus Lesnevich is one all up-and-coming young fighters over here should study. In eight years Lesnevich never had more than a dozen scraps a year. Every opponent was hand-picked and all were tough. Too many of our boys are rushed prematurely into top-line boxing and ruined. The lure is easy money and swift success. As a bait it is as false as a traitor's smile.

Every fight fan will wish Woodcock luck against Lee Oma. He has fought manfully against ill health and misfortune. But I would like to say this: if there is any doubt at all in his mind about his physical fitness, after meeting Oma, the champion should quit. Health and happiness are more important than an elusive search for cash and kudos.

They never come back—or do they? Round about ten o'clock at Harringay on Tuesday Bruce Woodcock and Britain will know the answer to that question.

UNCLE ANDY — *Spider's Parlour*


OOH! A SPIDER'S WEB. HOW I HATE INSECTS!
SPIDERS ARE ANIMALS, NOT INSECTS, SALLY
WHEN IT HUNTS ITS PREY, A SPIDER SITS IN THE CENTRE OF ITS WEB. ALTHOUGH IT HAS EIGHT OR MORE EYES, IT IS VERY SHORT-SIGHTED. IT DOES NOT SEE ITS VICTIMS BUT FEELS THEM BY THE VIBRATIONS THEY MAKE WHEN THEY ARE CAUGHT IN THE WEB'S STICKY THREADS
CLOSE-UP OF A SPIDER'S WEB
HIGHLY MAGNIFIED SECTION OF THREAD SHOWING STICKY GLOBULES, WHICH HOLD FAST THE SPIDER'S VICTIMS.
GARDEN SPIDER
ENGLISH PURSE SPIDER (CARRYING EGGS)
RESTLESS SPIDER
HERE ARE THREE COMMON TYPES OF SPIDERS. THIS IS HOW THE SPIDER MAKES THE THREAD OF ITS WEB. GLANDS INSIDE ITS BODY PRODUCE LIQUID SILK. THIS SILK IS FORCED OUT IN JETS WHICH SOLIDIFY IN THE AIR, TO FORM SILK THREAD. THE THREAD IS SO FINE THAT IT IS USED FOR HAIRLINES IN TELESCOPES AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS
TO MAKE THE ACTUAL WEB, THE SPIDER SPINS A FRAME 1. IT THEN DROPS TO THE CENTRE AND RADIATES DOUBLE-THREAD SPOKES TO THE SIDES 2. NEXT IT WEAVES A WIDE SPIRAL SCAFFOLDING 3. FINALLY IT GOES BACK OVER THE SCAFFOLDING, WHICH IT EATS AND REPLACES WITH A STICKY CLOSELY THREADED SPIRAL 4.
1
2
3
4

"Our new neighbours struck me as being rather inquisitive, John"

training for someone whose experience of teaching so far had been slight.

No one had foreseen that, in effect, she would shortly be a headmistress, in complete charge of a mist-bound school whose pupils had departed, leaving her alone and rather frightened.

During the evening Kathie went to the door and looked out. The mist swirled around her. She could hardly see as far as the wall where, that afternoon, she had stood talking to the young man.

She stood there for about five minutes, a slight, slender form, big blue eyes wide, red lips parted. In her quiet grey dress she seemed like some wraith—insubstantial, shadowy—who might disappear at the first puff of wind.

SHE thought she heard a car climbing the hill, slowly, laboriously. She listened intently but all was silence now. This was a trick of the mist, she told herself. There was no car except in her imagination.

Turning to go back into the house, Kathie paused. Yes, it was a car. She was sure of it. The *chug-chug* of its engine as it came up the hill in low gear was unmistakable.

She thought: Perhaps they've got a relief through, after all. So I won't have to stay here by myself alone.

She went to the gate. Out of the mist crawled a small saloon car. The door opened and a girl jumped out.

"Hallo, Kathie!" she said in a low, husky voice.

Kathie eyed her in amazement as if she had seen a ghost.

"But Myra! What are you doing here?"

Her step-sister turned back to the car without replying.

"Come and meet my sister, Ray," she cried.

Kathie, still astonished that a person she had thought to be fifty miles away was standing within a few feet of her, watched a tall, thin man slip from the driver's seat. He was dressed in a black overcoat with a grey hat pulled down over his eyes. There was a cigarette smouldering at the corner of his tight mouth. Remembering Myra's choice of boy friends in the past, Kathie decided there had been no improvement in this respect.

"Ray Turner—my step-sister, Kathie," Myra said, and the man, after nodding briefly, scanned the schoolhouse, then got back into the car and backed it off the road so that it was hidden by the screen of fir trees.

"Can we come in for a bit?" Myra asked, and Kathie, realizing that astonishment had made her ungracious, nodded. "Why, of course."

When the man joined them she led the way up the path. "But what are you doing right out here so far from home?"

Myra shrugged her slim shoulders and threw back the fur cape she was wearing draped over her shoulders.

"Ray's been on business and he asked me to come along with him," she explained. "We got lost crossing the moor in the mist. We asked someone we met where we were. I realized we were near you, so I told Ray I really must see you before going home. Mum would never have forgiven me if I'd not called."

They went into the little sitting-room cheerful with firelight. Myra went to hold out her hands to the blaze.

"Where's the other mistress you told us about when you wrote home?" she asked casually.

Kathie hesitated. She was conscious of the man, tall and silent, standing near the door listening.

"She's been taken away with appendicitis," she said. "The ambulance called for her this morning."

"Then you're alone?"

"Yes, but a relief teacher will be coming as soon as arrangements can be made."

Seeing the look which passed between them she wondered if she had been wise to give everything away like that. Myra and she might share the same mother, but—but there was something unpleasant about Myra's silent companion.

"Got a radio?" he asked, suddenly coming forward. "It's just short of nine."

"Do you want to hear the news?" Kathie asked, going to the bookcase in the corner on which stood Miss Tenby's little set.

He did not reply, but when the announcer's smooth tones flowed into the room, he stood stiff and still, as if all his muscles had locked.

"How do you like it up here?" Myra asked, and for some reason her voice was sharp, almost shrill. "It'd give me the willies. Moor, bog and mist. Grr! Give me the bright lights any old time."

Kathie answered her mechanically, but she had one ear to what the announcer was saying. She had a feeling that Myra was talking so that she wouldn't listen to the radio. Then it came:

A man and woman held up a jeweller's shop in Brimchester this afternoon. Jewellery amounting to several thousand pounds in value was stolen. The thieves got away in a car after the man had shot and wounded a pedestrian who tried to interfere. A mist aided their escape.

"Mum's got a new coat," Myra said, and there was now something almost hysterical in her voice, as if she was trying to compel Kathie's attention.

KATHIE looked at the man. He was lighting another cigarette and the flickering light of the match, deepening the hollows in which his dark eyes were set, threw up the bony structure of his face, so that he seemed to have a skull, not a head, atop his tall, narrow body.

She looked back at Myra, seeing the over-smart clothes, the mascara on the eyelashes, the bright lipstick on the over-full lips. Ever since she was a child, Myra had got herself mixed up with the wrong sort. Once she had been in serious trouble with the police but a concerted effort on the part of parents and schoolteacher had got her out of it.

She was three years older than Kathie, the child of an earlier marriage with a man whom their mother had little reason to mourn for long.

"Myra," Kathie said suddenly, "why have you come here tonight?"

"I told you——" Myra said, but she did not look at Kathie. She looked over Kathie's shoulder at the silent man in the background, as if uncertain of herself.

Kathie heard the man move and swung round. He stood over her and his eyes held hers. It was plain that he knew her suspicions and that he was dropping any pretence.

"Listen, kid, if you don't ask any questions you'll be told no lies," he said in a toneless voice. "We've come to stay with you for a night or two."

"But you can't," she cried. "I—I'm by myself. I——"

"That suits us fine! We expected to find that old geezer—what do you call her?—Miss Tenby, with you. But she's gone—and that's as well for her." He drew on his cigarette. "If you're sensible you'll have nothing to fear. We shall stay here until the police start looking somewhere else."

So they had intended using the school as a hide-out ever since planning the robbery together. They had even taken Miss Tenby into account.

"But what if they come here looking for you?"

He took a gun from his pocket. It caught the dull glow of the firelight.

"They won't. Why should they? But if they did—well, I've already shot one fool who got in the way."

She had an impulse to throw herself at him, to make him shoot her.

The man put out a big white hand and gave her a push.

"Better get something to eat," he said. "I'm hungry."

She had opened her mouth to refuse when footsteps sounded on the path outside.

Turner stiffened when the knock came at the door. He motioned Myra away from the fire, pushing her before him into the schoolroom beyond the inner door.

"Remember, you'll get it if you don't get rid of them, or if you give us away," he muttered to Kathie.

OPENING the door, Kathie expected to find a bunch of uniformed men outside.

But against the mist she saw only one figure, big and bulky, the figure of the young man who had stopped to ask the way to Holton Ghyll earlier that day.

"I'm afraid I didn't take your advice," he said, and his voice was very tired.

"I went by the short cut. I've been wandering about ever since, in and out of bogs; I'm about all in. Can—can I come in and sit down for a bit?"

She saw then that he was muddy from the waist downwards. His rucksack had gone, as had his hat. His hands were mud-streaked.

She opened her mouth, but before she could speak he was inside.

"Ah, a fire!" he grunted, and made towards it, unheeding his muddy boots which left a trail on the carpet.

Suddenly she knew that Turner was in the room.

She turned and saw that he was standing, back against the door, right hand in his overcoat pocket.

"Who's this?" he asked in his dead, expressionless voice.

The newcomer swung round in surprise.

"He's lost," Kathie said hurriedly to Turner. "He wants to shelter."

Turner hesitated as if uncertain what to do, then, throwing open the door, he beckoned Myra back into the room.

"Introduce us," he said, and Kathie, trembling in her relief, muttered his name and said that Myra was her step-sister.

"They came to see me," she added. "They'll have to stay the night because of the mist."

The young man grinned suddenly.

"That's fine! We'll be quite a party." He looked at Kathie. "Bit hard on you, though. But I'm not fussy. An outbuilding with some straw will suit me."

"We'll all stay indoors," Ray Turner said in his low, cold voice. Then looking at Kathie: "Got anything to drink?"

She shook her head.

"No, but we'll all have something to

Continued on page 21

THIS WEEK'S COVER

LESLIE OTWAY, the cover artist, says he likes painting children *at work*. This time he's defaulted, for the young teacher's very human but very unscholastic concentration on a prettier outer world gives Smith Minor and his satellites a chance to concentrate on the sort of extra-curricula activity *they* favour. At the beginning of term, too. Dear, dear!

FREE! £5,050 CASH PRIZES!

FOR WRITING WHY YOU LIKE DRENE SHAMPOO

Margaret Lockwood SAYS

"Drene leaves my hair shining with glamour"

Now! write why you like Drene and win a BIG CASH PRIZE

IT'S EASY — here's all you have to do. Buy a bottle of Drene Shampoo today and get your free competition entry form from your shop. Try Drene Shampoo for yourself. See how your hair sparkles with exciting new highlights. Then, on your entry form, complete the sentence, "I like Drene Shampoo because . . ." in 25 words or less. That's all you have to do to win one of these huge prizes — and there are lots of them. You can enter as often as you like, but you *must* have a bottle of Drene in the house before you can win a prize. For full details see entry form.

Here are more hints to help you win

Drene gives 5 times more lather and goes *up to 2½ times as far as ordinary shampoos.* Drene leaves your hair easy to set right after the shampoo, leaves no dulling film, is easy to use, quick to rinse and is absolutely safe for all types of hair! Drene also leaves scalp and hair cleaner and removes unsightly dandruff. The 1/3d. size gives at least two luxurious shampoos and the larger 3/6d. and 6/6d. sizes are *even more* economical. Get a bottle of Drene today. You may win £2,000 — and your dealer gets a prize, too!

The Judges' panel will include the Editress of a leading Woman's Magazine, a Newspaper Editor, an Advertising Expert and *Margaret Lockwood, Winner of the Daily Mail Film Award.*

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THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

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WIN ONE OF THESE BIG PRIZES

1st PRIZE £2,000

2nd PRIZE £500

150 PRIZES OF £10 and 1,000 PRIZES OF £1-1-0 VOUCHERS

THE INTRUDERS: from page 18

eat," she said and began to bustle round.

Myra did not help her. She stood by the fire warming her hands and casting covert glances at the young man, who was trying to get some of the mud off his clothes.

Soon they were all seated at the table.

"What's your line?" asked the young man, who had now had a wash and had given his name as Geoffrey Judson. Turner shrugged.

"Motor salesman," he grunted through a mouthful of bread and cheese.

"Much doing these days?"

"So-so. What are you? Bank clerk?" There was a sneer in the question.

"No. I'm an architect. Sorry to disappoint you."

Kathie listened to this exchange with growing uneasiness. She could tell that the two men had taken an instinctive dislike to each other. She was scared that their dislike might soon blaze out into something more violent. If it did it might go hard for Geoffrey Judson, who hadn't any way of guessing that Turner was a gunman who had already shot one man that day.

She began to talk to Myra. She hardly knew what she said. Myra did not play up. She seemed mesmerized by the man facing her across the table, whose hard little eyes roved round, taking in every detail, missing nothing.

When the meal was over, and the dirty crocks cleared away, they sat about the fire. There was hardly any conversation. Even Geoffrey Judson, after a few attempts, gave it up and contented himself with stifling his yawns. Kathie wondered if he would like to go to bed but hardly knew how Turner would respond to the suggestion if she made it.

She got up.

"I must prepare some work for the children tomorrow," she said.

She didn't expect any children to turn up because of the mist, but she had had an idea. If she could somehow convey to Geoffrey Judson who Ray Turner was, he would be on his guard. He might even be able to slip away during the night to fetch help.

KATHIE got out a pile of exercise books. "What's that you're doing?" Turner demanded, cigarette in the corner of his mouth, sprawling in the one easy chair.

"Exercises," she replied. "Some dictation I gave to the children this afternoon."

She wrote in red ink at the foot of each page. From time to time her eyes sought Geoffrey Judson's and she tried to will him to come and look over her shoulder.

But when at last he stood up, he went to the window and peered out into the mist, instead of crossing to her side.

Turner stood up, too. She leaned over her work as he strode across.

"Let me look," he said, and when she did not move, he took her shoulders and roughly pulled her aside.

He read what she had written at the foot of each exercise. *My step-sister and the man are running from the police. He is armed.*

His eyes were slits in a dead face.

"Why, you——!" he began.

She waited for a blow. But it never came.

Instead Judson's voice broke in.

"Cut it out, Turner!" he said sharply. "The game's up and you know it."

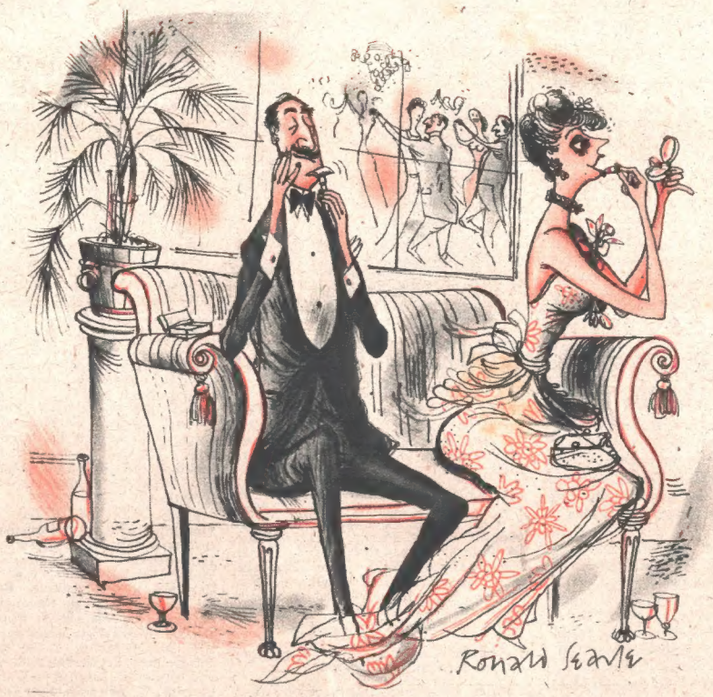
Kathie saw Myra's hand go to her mouth to stifle a scream, felt the man at her side stiffen. His hand went to his pocket.

Judson eyed him calmly from his position by the window.

"I know who you are, Turner," he said. "I've known all along. When I

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE



Women put their stuff on in public—why shouldn't a man scrape his off?

Pretty faces in uniform

THE MAKERS of one of the new "dry-shavers" claim that one of its many advantages over the ordinary razor is that a man can carry it about in his pocket, and pull it out at any time to shave as easily as a woman powders her nose.

Being one of those unfortunate chaps who grow tough whiskers on a tender skin, I'm always willing to try an invention that promises an easier shave; and I've been trying the dry-shaver.

It's certainly easier on my skin than the ordinary razor, but it's also easier on the whiskers. So I'm still up against the old problem.

I can either have a face that's smooth but sore, or a face that's comfortable but bristly. Personally, I prefer the comfort. But I'm told women don't like the bristles.

I did think of following the maker's advice and carrying this dry-shaver about with me—using it whenever I felt the bristles beginning to sprout. But I'm afraid that would be like trying to keep the lawn smooth in summer.

Whole-time Purgatory

I should have to be always at it; in the train, in the pub, in the restaurant—everywhere. And, until shaving in public becomes the general thing, I don't think I should have the courage to keep it up. Better to stick to the old razor, and one private if painful shave every morning.

It's odd, when you come to think of it, that when we human beings want to look our best, a man scrapes stuff off his face and a woman puts stuff on.

If a woman can put her stuff on in public there's surely no reason why a man shouldn't scrape his off. It's only a matter of acquiring the habit. Or does the average man's dislike, even of combing his hair in public, go too deep for that?

It isn't because we men don't bother about trying to look our best. It's more because we want other people to think we don't bother about it. We like them to think our manly charm is simply a natural gift and that we ourselves are hardly aware of it. To use a comb or a razor in public would be to give ourselves away.

Just Opens Her Bag

Women are much more realistic about this sort of thing. When a woman wants to look charming she goes to a shop and buys some charm, in boxes, bottles and tubes. And whenever she feels her charm is beginning to wear off, she opens her bag and puts some fresh charm on—no matter where she happens to be.

I've never been able to make up my mind whether I like this method or not. I don't mean I've got any doubts about a woman making up her face in public. (That's plain honesty, and I'm all for it; I'm sorry we men haven't the same honesty.)

But I do sometimes have my doubts about a woman's wisdom in the way she makes up her face. I can't help feeling that a lot of women would look better without much make-up—especially without lipstick.

I suppose there are a few women's mouths that look better with lipstick—mouths with very pale or very thin lips. But wherever Nature's been at all generous to a woman—giving her a mouth full-lipped, large and lovely—it seems criminal to plaster it heavily.

My private opinion is that what was once naturally beautiful now looks unnaturally awful. But of course I dare not say so—in England.

English women are apt to get angry when a man offers them his opinion on their use of cosmetics. But when I was in America I found American women weren't a bit touchy about it. They were quite willing to discuss their facial make-up with me as impersonally as they'd discuss any other work of art.

In fact, they'd sometimes raise the subject themselves—asking me what I thought of their make-up. And if I said I didn't care much for it they'd alter it—wiping a bit off here or putting a bit on there—until they'd got the effect I liked best.

I thought this was very obliging of them. Whether this was their customary behaviour towards a man I don't know. It may have been just another aspect of American hospitality—doing their utmost to please the guest. It certainly broke the ice once I'd got over my initial surprise.

Behind Their Questions

But although it was good in one way, it wasn't so good in another. The fact that they could discuss this question of their own "charm" with me so impersonally meant, it seemed to me, that they felt it was something that they could put on or take off at will—something they could arrange and rearrange according to taste, like a picture or a piece of furniture.

The real question they were asking me was: "Do you, as an Englishman, think I'm charming? If not, why not? Tell me how I ought to rearrange myself — what I ought to add or subtract."

As I write, it occurs to me that the real reason for their questions may have been simply that I wasn't quite so demonstratively admiring as the average American male, and they were wondering what had gone wrong.

But whatever the reason, the idea at the back of it was the same—the belief that a woman could only acquire charm by buying this or that set of accessories and putting on the appropriate manner to go with them.

If you went in for the X make-up, you behaved in the X manner; if for the Y make-up, you behaved in the Y manner, and so on. It seldom seemed to occur to a girl that she might be charming in herself—far more charming than her bought make-up or artificially acquired manner could ever be.

Yet the few American women of my acquaintance who do accept this obvious fact are the most charming women I know. That's one of those startling American contrasts.

It's the constant American stressing of this that puts the idea into the mind of the average American girl, forever filling her with the fear that if she doesn't buy the right accessories and put on the appropriate manner she'll never succeed in charming men.

American Girls Are Expert

There is one good result of this intensive American "charm" campaign. You never see a girl who is clumsy with her make-up—putting the lipstick on boss-eyed, or getting more rouge on one side of her face than the other—as you sometimes see in England.

The American girl is a thorough technician, whatever else she may or may not be; and when she's finished her face it's as perfect as a Technicolored picture—even if it's no more than that.

However, I find the only colour that really stirs me nowadays is the beautiful warm flush you see on a woman's face when she's dishing up a good dinner—a flush caused partly by the heat of the oven, partly by pride in good cooking, and partly by the thought of how her man's going to enjoy it.

I think that kind of colour in a woman's cheek is the only kind of charm really worth a man's shaving off the bristles for.

WOMEN ARE WINNING!

CAN a woman win a big *Bullets* prize? So doubtful about that was Mrs. M. Pegg, 4 West View, Hatfield, when she started this fascinating hobby sixteen years ago that she entered in her husband's name—and won him Second Prize!

She soon found there were equal opportunities for the sexes and equal pay for the *Bullets* job. And now, after more than one hundred minor successes, she has just banked a £250 cheque won with her telling First Prize effort, WORKER OF TOMORROW—GUARANTEED EVERYTHING BUT—TOMORROW!

Can a woman score a big success in JOHN BULL'S common-sense Crosswords? Of the last fifty First Prize cheques, nineteen were won by women.

On this page you will find an exciting Thirty-sixth Birthday Celebration offer for *Bullets* entrants, and for Crosswords the first of a series of big cheques and 100-in-1 prizes of special value to the housewife. But, man or woman, you *must* post your entry by Monday, September 27!

JOIN "BULLETS" BIRTHDAY PARTY!

Grand Prizes value over **£500**

£250 Cash 1st Prize plus Weekend Celebration

£25 plus Weekend—£10 plus Weekend

Your Celebration Weekend for two includes reserved seats for First Division football match, stalls at Coliseum, visit to Selfridges with £5 to spend, sightseeing tour of London and—helping to eat the 36-candle birthday cake at *Bullets* Celebration Party!

£9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

20 of £1, 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes

BIRTHDAY CAKE BONUSES

To celebrate *Bullets'* coming 36th Birthday, any prize from £9 to £1 which you win will, if your successful entry was one of eight or more efforts, entitle you to receive a delicious 4-lb. Fruit Cake.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 16, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Band Of Workers	Lazing
Prosperity's Harbour	In The Pram
To Save Ourselves	With A Flourish
The Scientists	Jumped For Joy
Life For Me	Only Father
More Important	What The Nurse Said
The Penalty	**Incomplete "Examples"—see Instructions**
Body and Soul	Sat On The.....
Dismal Jimmy	.....Went For
He Tried Again And	.....Won't Help, So
Smashing Success	Prize.....
What It Takes	To Hear.....
A Beauty	Everybody.....When
Rich Uncle	

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crossword help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 9, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,648 (or Xword 600) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 9 containing **FIRST XMAS FEASTS OFFER**

461

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

Fee: 1s. for 4 or 6d. for 2 "Bullets"—plain paper efforts, same rate.

Closing Postmark, **1,648** MON. SEPT. 27

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

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"Bullets" Winners No. 1,644

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus MILLIONAIRE'S WEEKEND: R. Craig, 3 Clyde Place, Bothwellhaugh, Lanarks:

MISS PROSPERITY "HEART" OF "JOHN" WINNING!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Mrs. W. Goad, 19 Mellitus Street, London, W.12: NOTHING BUT NOTHINGNESS—BEYOND? THEN LIFE'S NOTHING.

THIRD PRIZE, £10: Mrs. F. A. Eden, 131 Addison Road, Coventry: JUMPED ON—BY "THE JUMPS," PROGRESS.

OTHER AWARDS. £9: F. W. Fuller, 55 Clare Road, Hounslow: MISS PROSPERITY—*Never* DAZZLED BY UNIFORM. £8: G. L. Searle, 4 Church Road Cotts., Churchinford, nr. Taunton: OVER BERLIN—RAINBOW—RUSSIAN PROTEST EXPECTED! £7: S. D. Holland, 11a Rita Place, Folkestone: A TRAGEDY—HOSPITAL *Beds* "LAID UP." £6: J. G. Pepper, 74 Kirkby Road, Sutton-in-Ashfield: KNOWING RUSSIANS—EASY AS LEARNING RUSSIAN!

FIVE of £5: W. J. Gay, Flat 2, 65 Alumhurst Road, Bournemouth: DEFENCELESS WOMAN—"HENRY—UNBEND THIS POKER!" C. Hodge, 19 Windsor Walk, Denmark Hill, S.E.5: KNOWING BETTER—THAN KNOWING BEST, DAD! H. L. Reynolds, 40 Devonshire Drive, Langwith, nr. Mansfield: SOONER THAN SMOKE—I ABANDON *Queueing's* "FAG." Mrs. M. Turnbull, 11 Leithen Road, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire: MUST BE MAD—SUPPORTING LABOUR—WITHDRAWING LABOUR. P. Wileman, Post Office House, Louth: TOO CLEVER—TOO GREEDY—TWO YEARS!

20 Prizes of £1 and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

XWORD 596 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 4, Bull. 7, Bent. 9, Nodes. 13, Hum. 14, Slate. 15, Food. DOWN: 1, Brain. 2, Hap. 3, Rules. 5, Lives. 6, Woods. 8, Cramped. 10, Bat. 11, Wads. 12, Holt.

SEVEN £100 SHARERS: A. W. Curtis, 51 Greyhound Lane, London, S.W.16; Mrs. E. Day, 15 Anglesey Road, Gosport; Miss P. Piercy, Thaxted House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs; Mrs. L. Porter, Thorts Green, Wych Lane, Fareham; E. Sanderson, 8 The Hawthorns, East Boldon; A. Spencer, 6 William's Square, John Street, Ravensthorpe; M. Warner, Upper Winchendon, nr. Aylesbury.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 38 entrants.

NOTE.—Beginning this week, for three Contests only, you have an opportunity of winning with a Crossword prize a 100-piece Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Service.

FINE NEW PRIZES with XWORD £100

Awards value up to £250

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up

Grand new prize with each Award value £1 and over—a 100-piece Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Service!

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

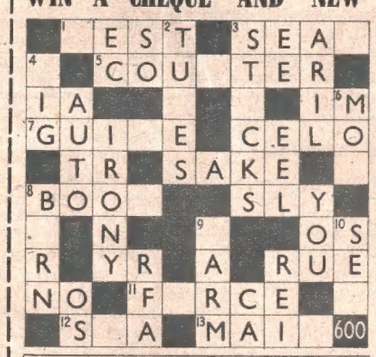
Across Clues XWORD 600

1. What one who teaches with gusto will give his pupils
3. Oxford may be this of learning
5. More and more goes under this
7. Often did something to assist escaped prisoners of war to cross frontier to freedom
8. May end in disappointing fashion
11. Sometimes provides comic element in a scene
12. It is the water that mainly attracts holidaymaker to this
13. What you don't see nowadays

Down Clues

2. Advertising helps them to be financial success
3. Storm may bring these down with a crash
4. As a rule, not much of one is wasted
6. Old-fashioned general may have no use for one
8. Full one gives farmer sense of increased risk
9. In winter and in summer, winds can do this
10. Gives man a sense of power

WIN A CHEQUE AND NEW 100-in-1 PRIZE!



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 9.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

600 Closing Postmark, MON., Sept. 27.

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

THE INTRUDERS: from previous page

was coming over the moor the police stopped me. I told them I was making for this schoolhouse, and when they explained about you, saying how you'd been seen heading this way, I said I must get on as—Kathie was alone. They said they'd follow and question Kathie, who might have seen you. I've just heard a whistle out on the moor. They're on their way now."

When he stopped speaking there was a long silence. It was a silence charged with panic.

Myra's whimper broke it. She ran across to Turner and clutched at his sleeve.

"Ray, we must go while there's time," she sobbed.

The man's cold eyes were on Geoffrey Judson. His lip curled back.

"Damn you!" he spat out, then, violently throwing Myra aside, he made for the door, almost tripping over a chair in his eagerness to be gone.

Myra ran after him. Together, they vanished into the mist which came swirling into the room, chilling, damp, as the swinging door let it in.

Geoffrey Judson went to close it. Kathie, still sitting there, heard a car engine start, stutter, then gain in power.

As it died away Geoffrey came to her side. He was smiling faintly.

"I am a liar!" he declared. "I didn't hear a whistle and the police never said they'd call at the schoolhouse. All they did was tell me the way and to beware of two crooks."

"So—they'll escape?"

He shook his head.

"Not a hope. The whole moor's cordoned off."

He sank into a chair. Suddenly she realized that he was exhausted, played out.

She stood up.

"I'll make coffee," she said. "There's boiling water in the kettle. It won't take a minute."

Her heart was singing. He had come back because he was afraid for her. He had said so.

Cup in hand, she turned back to him. His chin was resting on his chest. He was fast asleep.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Fares to Hospital

A MAN WHO HAS TO support his wife and two children on a weekly wage of £4 15s. faces quite a problem when he has to attend a hospital some distance away. This is the predicament of a reader, who states:

"I see from railway advertisements that there are cheap day tickets issued on certain conditions. There are cheap fares for parties and excursions, but apparently nothing to assist a case like mine.

"I must attend a hospital every three weeks. The fare is 10s.

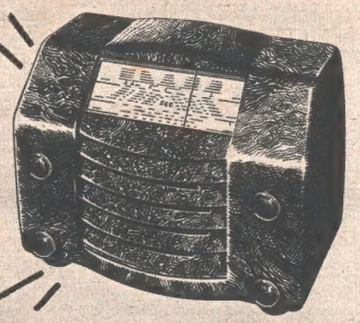
"Is there any provision under the new Health Scheme which would help me? I have applied without success to the railway authorities and at the National Insurance Office."

The National Health Service Act lays down that a hospital authority may pay, or help to pay, the travelling expenses of patients where hardship is involved. If the health of the patient makes it necessary for him to be accompanied, his companion's expenses may also be paid.

This reader should apply to the almoner at the hospital which he is attending.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

BIG G.E.C. Radio NEWS



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The trouble is, you hardly notice the *traffic*. Riding three abreast takes up too much road and increases the danger of a wobble. *Never* go more than two abreast, advises the Highway Code, and single file where the road is narrow or traffic is thick.

35,289 cyclists were killed or injured in 1947. Whenever the Traffic Jimp tempts *you* to be rash, be careful instead—and mind how you go.

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

Wilfred Pickles picks 'KOLYNOS'

FOUR-YEAR-OLD nephew George has a laugh with famous Wilfred. But in the Pickles home, teeth care is no laughing matter. They see their dentist twice a year and use 'Kolynos' twice a day. So many well-advised people use 'Kolynos' because: (1) It cleans *between* the teeth where food sticks and starts decay. (2) No other toothpaste is so free from harsh, scratchy abrasives. Only 'Kolynos' keeps teeth sparkling white so safely!

Only KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM gives tooth enamel such 2-WAY protection

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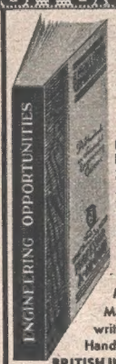

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